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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MARCH 8, 1982

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## THE CHALLENGE OF JAPAN







## LETTERS

### Enough about Gretzky

I am getting a little sick and tired of seeing, hearing and reading about Wayne Gretzky at every turn (*The Glory of Gretzky*, Cover, Feb. 22). Granted that he is a terrific hockey player and a genuinely nice Canadian guy, but we are constantly reminded of these facts by the media—including you. On top of this, we have to suffer through his miserable endorsements. Just once I would like to see Wayne and Keith Gretzky act like a couple of normal siblings in that self-deprecating manner I've seen only 7,000 times on TV. If my brother threw snow in my face, as Wayne does to Keith over and over again, I'd punch him soundly!

—TERRI HUNT,  
St. Catharines, Ont.

Your editorial statement about Wayne Gretzky is wrong, wrong, wrong! Gretzky is a magnificent hockey player and by all accounts a fine young man. He is not a hero. Terry Fox was a hero.

—ALAN WELLS,  
Richmond, B.C.

In his analysis of the force behind the glory of Wayne Gretzky, Hal Quinn overlooked the most obvious motivation. Some people will do anything to get away from that horrible Bradford water!

—ED MINEMA,  
Regina

## PASSAGES



AWARDED \$125,000 in libel damages plus costs and interest, the second highest. Ed Rogers, an Ontario lawyer, won an Ontario legal battle, to B.C. Attorney General Rick Vogan, over the B.C. Superior Court ruling that CBC TV and reporter Chris Bird were jointly responsible for an allegation, in a 1980 program, that Vogan interfered with the administration of justice to help his friends.

CONVICTED Wayne Williams, 39-year-old male preacher, of murdering Jimmy Ray Payne, 21, and Nathaniel Carter, 27, two of the 29 young Atlanta blacks whose deaths over a 29-month period terrorized the city. At the end of a nine-week trial, and after 11 hours of deliberation in the Fulton County Court Saturday, the jury of eight blacks and four whites found Williams guilty on both counts. Judge Clarence Cooper (re-



Gretzky is great but he is no hero

As he looks to pressing Gretzky, you have put down the game of hockey, saying in your editorial that "it has become a celebration of violence." I disagree with this. I believe a good solid body check or a well-timed defensive play is as important to the game as a goal scored. Gretzky is three cups, but only in the offensive zone. Hockey is a two-way sport, and also a body-contact sport.

—PATR. MAYO  
Mudon, Ont.

### The escalating arms race

I am disappointed by the hawkish tone of the story in *World War III Possible?* (Cover, Feb. 15). I take particular

offense at the short article *The Super Politics of Pershing*, which attempts to discredit the European peace movement by listing its Soviet influence. You are not about so someone as that the Soviet Union is orchestrating the actions of the 400,000 Hollanderes who recently marched for nuclear disarmament. There were by and large ordinary people expressing their outrage at the escalating arms race between the world's two superpowers.

—JOHN BELKMAN,  
Edmonton

All nuclear weapons—American and Soviet—must be gotten rid of for our safety and for the future of our children and grandchildren.

—PHILIP H. WELLS,  
Amesbury, B.C.

When the entire of each of us, isolated in front of our TV sets, witnessing our thin bodies in proper and disarray, seeing ourselves reflected on the screen as innocent victims of big business and big government is finally dropped in favor of the idea that each individual has the ability, the right and the responsibility to choose and to create his own future, only then will we have real peace.

—ANNE MALLORY,  
Maple Ridge, B.C.

### Fulton has not failed

Contrary to what Allan Pattersonham says in his March 1 column, *Has K Come to This, Denis?*, even the Daily Fulton do not fail and are not broken by the political process or even periodic alcoholism.

—R. J. SHAWKINS,  
Ponsonby

sleep, the Jean-de-Rod, lost its mast in a Pacific storm. Gillman who is attempting an around-the-world voyage, last radio contact 250 nautical miles southwest of the New Zealand-administered Chatham Islands. He re-established contact last week with a New Zealand radio operator after bumping closer to shore.



DEAD: Promising disc jockey Murray (the K) Kusner, 65—the man who popularized *The Beatles* in North America—after a long and successful career in Los Angeles, Calif. Widely known as "the Kth Beatle," Kusner was one of the first American disc jockeys to play the group's songs in 1964, and he introduced them at several early North American concerts. In late 1966, Kusner worked briefly for CHUM FM in Toronto, where he originated the idea of live broadcasts from Toronto's small but innovative club



DEAD: Actress Virginia Bruce, 72, popular leading lady of the 1950s and '60s noted for her performances in such films as *Woman Trap*, *June Ally* and *The Great Ziegfeld*, in Hollywood, Calif., following a long illness. The fragile beauty was once married to what screen star John Gilbert, whom she divorced little more than a year before he died in 1936. She had not appeared on-screen since 1960, when she starred as Kim Novak's mother in *Strangers When We Meet*.

FOUR: Solo pianist Yvonne Gillman, 42, one of leading Quebec actor-playwright Gratien Gillman, who disappeared Feb. 15 when his seven-month

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# Opting for the right to end life

By Marian Engel

**T**he abortion debate continues and it makes me frustrated, angry and sad. I thought it had finally been settled—that abortion was legal, available to all women and a matter of private concern. Also, in Parliament and the media distinguished voices are again being raised—arguments defending the rights of the fetus, but failing to distinguish them from the rights of the fetus-carrier. We have photographs of children topsy-turvy, and pictures of selfish bourgeois women who refuse to bear children. Children's voices who can't condemn and philosophers with auditory interests cry out against the moral wrong of destroying new life.

How can I defend something that is precisely, morally wrong? I can't so much defend it as explain it, because if I fail to admit that abortion is the destruction of life, I destroy the basis of life as well as that of morality. I have to take the practical, still human view that abortion, however immoral, has always existed and is a respectable part of the reproductive cycle, and less undesirable than infanticide. It's not that women are immoral, but simply that biology doesn't understand morality. Furthermore, in addition to being immoral or amoral, biology is also crazy.

Men can cry "never" and "Get thee behind me, Satan" and do other things they shun and against abortion because they are men. Their biological drive are in favor of producing as many of their own species as possible. They live their lives from the man's desire to see "them" captive in the kitchen forever. They may find that women who are not tied to children are a threat to their exclusive power.

Yet women spend their adult lives close to their fertility cycles and have to learn to control them in order to survive. Our great-grandmothers, hardy products of natural selection—there were no antibiotics or insulin in those days—may have had their children in terror and distress, but they passed down to us an ability that this wasn't the best way to get along in the world. In a society without vaccines, the mother's energy lasts only long enough to look after the first two or three children well. After that, in most houses, it's a free-for-all.

My generation is pre-IVF, when I was young, we put an incestuous wedding ring and went to a doctor to get birth-control help. Girls who didn't like being either played Russian roulette with their boyfriends (which resulted in many shotgun marriages, some of which were happy), stayed out of bed, or got caught with young men who said, "Well, if you did

it with me, you must have done it with someone else." Since by the time we were seniors in university our hormones were often stronger than our characters, nasty rages for things you could do with double jointed elbows, knitting needles and cattle soap got passed around the women's residences. It was repulsive, but unfortunately there was no other way.

Philosophically, supporting abortion is justifying the bad in terms of the worse. And that's what women's lives have always been about, and why most women have been unwilling to spiral to abstract moral heights on this issue. The first thing you learn about sex is that sperm is a moral. Stages of sexual desire accompany the female reproductive cycle: one wants to go to bed, one wants to make babies, whether the moment is suitable or not. Objections to morality, religion or politics, egg and sperm seek each other out. The young are fertile as trout, and those of middle age dream of finding babies under boardwalks and rush out, against all sensible instincts, to reproduce for the last time.

Regardless of consequences, the soaring nest of living, or whether the fetus-carrier is a naive 11-year-old or a 46-year-old with a history of thrombosis, the reproductive urge acts itself out through men and women. The world is the same seething mass of fertility it has always been. The rational principle has to intervene at some point, and we wouldn't be human if we didn't sometimes feel it interfering too late. Some women, for reasons that are called out by those who resent this choice, choose to terminate their pregnancies. When abortion is legal they can do this safely, and in such a manner that their fertility is not impaired. They can have another baby at a better time if they want.

Men are often horrified by abortion. Artist William Kurelek has a powerful painting entitled *My Love, The Mother of Infidelity Creek*, depicting aborted fetuses on the banks of Infidelity Creek. It is a violent and bloody image that fails to take into account the fact that most women are almost infamously impregnable, and that the termination of pregnancy is not some kind of selfish dance, it's a form of chosen rape, an alternative that leads to stress and unhappiness and guilt, but still an alternative. Not something one chooses for fun.

When we grew up in Kurelek's vision, not to delegitimize abortion and remove it from the list of treatments covered by hospital and medical complexes, we grew to a view that is both naive and correct. We see women as selfish and immoral and predestined to child-nurture exclusively. If, on the other hand, we quietly and regretfully allow abortion to have a place in our society—not as a compulsory measure, but as one of a number of choices—we acknowledge that women as well as men and regret that the reproductive system is not always easily controlled.

Marian Engel is an author and journalist whose latest book is *Luminous Visions*.



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Mexican street scene, poor-rich land where Juan Ruiz and Guccio share the sidewalk

increased Porfirio eagerly rolled open the doors of democracy in Mexico. Although the number of opposition parties increased, their share of the vote on July 4 is not expected to exceed 25 percent. The candidate closest to De la Madrid, the centrist Pablo Emilio Madero, receives scant coverage in the Mexican press, whose newspaper is controlled by the government. A brief alliance of left-wing parties fell apart when they failed to agree as a common leader. This prompted a blurt from columnist Francisco Mazon: "Leftists fight over sheep, while rightists fight only over money."

Ironically, De la Madrid may face the stiffest opposition from within his own party. He is a technocrat, the son of a rose—and the president by indirect election between the PRI's right and left wings. More important, the Harvard-trained economist did not come out of the party machinery (even Porfirio spent time at the highly political electricity commission). But he was Porfirio's man, his former law student and protégé entrusted with administering the crown jewel of Porfirio's administration—the 20-year national development plan. His selection came as a shock, and for the first time in memory the party machinery splintered publicly. One cabinet member quit; others grumbled openly. Outcasts wondered how long the PRI could survive with a leader who pledged to stamp out corruption and end the normal practice of replacing half the country's bureaucrats when his fiefdom took power.

In a bitter-sweet novel by Cordero's editor Apala, the PRI finally loses an election when an opposition leader declares he will, if elected, force all PRI officials to give back the money they embezzled. Like his predecessor, De la Madrid makes public patience with official corruption may be wearing thin. Everyone knows about the failed oil reserves—fourth largest in the world—but few are seeing the benefits. The

respected newspaper *El Sol* has estimated there may be as many as 20 million marginals in the country, people living in the direst poverty. "We have achieved economic development over the past 40 years, but perhaps the distribution of the laurels must be reconsidered," says Bernardo Sepúlveda, one of the candidate's principal advisors. Yet that distribution is short-circuited by a 30-per-cent inflation rate, the price Porfirio chose to pay to create 733,000 new jobs over a year. Such is Mexico's dilemma over a soaring population that when former president Jimmy Carter raised the "problem" of illegal immigrants, Porfirio is reported to have cut his short by remarking, "To you it's a problem, to us it's a solution." When De la Madrid calls for the Mexican economy to grow by a factor of five by the year 2000, he is not airing a political dream but simply stating what may be due to keep the lid on.

For the moment, that lid is secure as Mexico waits for the new vote to take control. "We are a very special people," recounts Melita Sanchez, a PRI official travelling with De la Madrid. "Every six years we have a new hope." But this is still a country where peasants feed into the "fast lane" that rings Mexico City, its hot sludge with no running water or sewer. It is a country that cannot feed itself, primarily because the revolution's famed land-reform program has created farms too small to work efficiently.

For now, Mexico's political system remains seemingly unshaken by daily outcries of corruption, gross abuse of privilege, and incredible disparities in the standard of living. The country, however, is just starting to drift from its old political moorings. De la Madrid does not represent a clear break with the past, he is still the PRI, but a different PRI—a PRI that understands it must clean up its act. After all, the planned serpent symbols of Mexico is no longer on its belly—it is trying to fly. ☐

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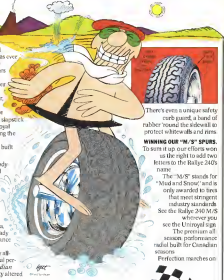
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UNIROYAL

# The odd man out in Canadian theatre

By Jane O'Hara

On the morning of the 1988 Mayor Macc Awards for Canadian drama two months ago, Toronto playwright George F. Walker—whose play *Theater of the Film Noir* had been nominated for two prizes—stood in his living room trying to pick out a suitable tie for the event. Walker, who generally chooses his clothes on the basis of which ones are clean, held three ties to the light. All of them were borrowed—three, let's face it, no real artists own a tie—and all of them were speculatively lucky. The playwright was in one of his irascible moods, a state that tends to overtake him usually sometime after he has done a mad monk. Walker does not believe in awards ceremonies—"Ties only going for the food"—moreover, he was not above registering a subtle gesture of contempt toward the theatre establishment that had chosen his work for so long. His green eyes lit up as he chose a fat, pale yellow tie embellished with a garish duck-hunting scene. Explained Walker, "It's very Canadian."

At 54, Walker has never courted celebrity, which is just as well since, for most of his career, nobody hasn't been taken on in either his early plays, featuring acts of rape, incest and dismemberment, or characters one wouldn't particularly want to meet alone, delighted a small out of Toronto theatregoers, but they never flew in. *Movie Joe*. Even in Toronto, after Jim Hinesley says, "One night when we were doing *Excessive* and the *White Slave* [1978] there were so few people in the audience that instead of doing a curtain call we went out and shook the hands" Walker shrugs. "Who can take drama seriously in the age of *People Magazine*?"

The 1977 production of *Zerkowicz*, his first commercial and critical success, marked the beginning of a more popular and successful career in his plays, which nonetheless enjoyed more suc-



Walker at home in Toronto surrounded by a scholar's mythology

cess in the United States, England, and Australia than they did at home. Last year, however, he scored a unusual smash hit with *Theater of the Film Noir* which he wrote and directed for the Toronto Theatre Festival. *Film Noir*, a bleak comedy set in postwar France which features many kinky sexual liaisons (there are sexual acts in a three-ring circus and a symphonic hero who is also a homicidal murderer, won four "Drama" and a Chelmsford Award for outstanding new play, of 1980. *Film Noir* had a successful five-week run in Vancouver this year, and plans are in the works for a three-city European tour and a Chicago run.

Walker's star rose even higher this year when he became the first Canadian-resident playwright to be produced by New York's Joseph Papp (producer of *A Chorus Line* and *The Pirates of Penzance*, both million-dollar Broadway successes) at the Public Theatre in New York. Papp, who has nominated such prominent American play-

wrights as David Rabe and Sam Shepard, also appointed Walker a writer-in-residence at the Public Theatre and supplied the \$10,000 that enabled him to switch over the production of *Zerkowicz*. While most playwrights would mortgage their mothers for two seats on the rafters of their own New York premier, Walker was nowhere is right when the curtain rose to January. Explained Walker, "I wanted to be as far away as possible. I would have gone to Tibet if I'd been able."

But since he was not able, he opted instead for home—a second-story walk-up apartment with a large bay window that overlooks Catharine Street in Toronto's west end. There, he sat alone at a harvest table in his living room cluttered with books, antique curios and a washing machine, working on his 15th play, *Scram and Redden True*. Walker was not pleased with the previous New York production of *Zerkowicz*, but his leave-taking was not a case of artistic pique, simply one of having work to do. Since

he revealed last autumn in New York—a city he terms conducive only to "serious and serious"—Walker had not written a word "Apart from all that," he said, "after three months, I was beginning to talk back to the house on the street. It was time to leave."

Walker's personal history is littered with similar examples of enigmatic entrances and exits. In the early '70s he materialized from nowhere onto the Toronto alternate theatre scene when he submitted *Prince of Naples* to Factory Theatre. Lolo after reading a flyer or a lamp-post requesting scripts. At the time he was driving a cab, but suffice most long-haired cabmen of the era he did not have a favorite in some obscure discipline. Although an avid reader and an occasional writer of poetry, he didn't even have a university degree. Married at the age of 18, Walker was a father to a daughter, Rema, before he had even seen a play. The first play he ever wrote was *Henry IV* at the Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre, the

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second was his own Prince of Naples. Walker grew up in a solid working-class family whose playwrighting was considered highbrow and elite. He idolized his father, a retired laborer with the City of Toronto who rode the rails in the Depression and once fought as Ontario boxing champion with a broken hand. Says Walker, "I sometimes feel guilty that I don't work as hard as my parents had to, that I don't have to work nine-to-five shifts."

In many ways, Walker has always been an outsider. As the youngest child in his family, with a gap of 13 years separating him from the eldest of his three sisters, he once noted his mother: "We are these women running around the house." As a kid at school, he was never one of the gang and played the role of "observer." When Walker started writing plays, at age 59, he knew nothing of dramatic structure. "This explains the incoherence of some of his work but it also had a liberating effect on his imagination. 'I just tried to fill a space with pictures and words,'" said Walker, who, unlike many playwrights, never maps out the structure of a play before writing it. "I am a speculative writer. I don't want to write about what I know. I want to write about what I don't know and follow the characters on their journey."

The journey has taken him to exotic locales—a Hong Kong brothel in *Shogun*, a jungle retreat in *Ringside*. *Montenapoli*—far from the self-conscious Canadian and kitchen-sink naturalism that dominated theatre in the '70s. Walker drew on his outcast status and Toronto background, combined it with exotic media images of *Dragnet*, *B-movies* and the Marx Brothers. An eclectic reading of French absurdism and existential philosophers and let the whole mess work through the wind tunnels of his mind. What surfaced was sometimes incomprehensible to the next top audience, an often black theatrical language colored only by blood-black humor. Even his most successful plays such as *Zest*, *Room*, a campy melodrama that treats favorite Walker themes of good vs. evil and the threat of global destruction in a 19th-century Gothic setting, is not exactly crystal clear. Walker maintains he does not set out to be obscure and even wishes he had a larger audience. For one thing, it would mean he would earn more than \$12,000 a year. "And that's a good year, for George," says his agent Ralph Remersman. "There have been years had that good years." But Walker would rather remain generous than compromise his vision, which he realizes might never make it to Broadway. Says David Bell, the actor who brilliantly portrays the haplessly connected Sherwood in *Pin Noir*: "Walker writes about things

that people don't want to think about and then he makes fun of it. He writes in powerful images for the quickest of audiences, and people usually have to catch them on the fly."

All too often, however, critics have performed not to "catch the Walker" says it doesn't bother him. "I expect the worst, so I'm never disappointed." But the negative New York reviews of *Room* brought producer Papp running to Walker's defence. "George is frustrated and he has ideas and an interesting style. He's addressing himself to issues at a time when few other playwrights

are." Former Toronto Star critic Ujra Karpis, who once described *Ringside* as a "subversive report to the Canada Council," has been gradually lured into Walker's camp. "I don't think George has written a play that I don't like," says Karpis, but his recent work is very consistent. He sounds less like a ventriloquist and is speaking now with his own voice and mind.

Last year, the playwright played a particularly Walkeresque joke on Canadian critics when he duped them briefly into thinking that his play, *Pin Noir*, had been written by a long-dead-and-



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Allen Hershman, Susan Purdy, Peter Allen in "Theatre of the Film Noir" Avery Kleiman

forgotten post-impresario Frenchman named Henri Bernard Berger Walker, who often uses humor as a form of intellectual subterfuge, gave Berger a life of his own complete with a photograph (in reality a picture of Toronto actor Bob White's grandfather) and a history (Berger was killed in a bicycle accident by a Citroën). Walker even went to the trouble of sticking a film index card in the files of the Metropolitan Toronto Library in case anyone wanted to check Berger's references.

Because of cynics like this and the occasionally perverse humor of his plays, a sinister mythology has sprung up around Walker, who is, in person, a gentle, amiable man with a low-key sense of humor. Says his second wife, actress Susan Purdy, who starred in *Five River*: "People seem to think he wears white suits and carries a whip. George really leads a very quiet life. He reads and goes for long walks. A big surprise for us in going to Murray's restaurant and reading the papers. In the early '70s Walker had a reputation as a

refuse, 'The Great Gatsby of the alternate theatre scene,' says Zimmerman. "He's a purist. He thinks his work should speak for itself." Two years ago, when *Gatsby* premiered in San Francisco, the Canadian Consulate offered to fly Walker down for the opening. He declined when he learned that the diplomats expected him to attend cocktail parties and talk to people. He drove instead. He has even described the process of directing his own plays as "tactically embarrassing."

Walker has grown more comfortable with the limelight—his appearance in the play he tortures to that—but he will never fit the theatrical mold. A block away from the Public Theatre, in a New York pub, he contemplated his reputation as one of Canada's best-known, least understood playwrights. Sipping a beer and biting the ends of the Canadian cigarettes he smokes, he said: "Look, basically, I'm just a guy who writes plays. I'm not in the theatre, I'm in the theatre. Sometimes I do it well and sometimes I don't." ☐

Gregorz Wagnowski, Judith Roberts in New York production of "Zerkow"



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Q&A: LORD ROBBINS

## A vote of confidence for the free world

One of the free world's most perceptive thinkers, Lord Robbins has been chairman of the London School of Economics, the Financial Times and has headed several important British royal commissions. Director of the economic section of Winston Churchill's war cabinet, he has written at least 13 books and is recognized for having pioneered many important new theories in his profession. At the age of 83 he still lectures almost daily at London's School of Economics and recently sat down for this conversation with Maclean's Editor Peter C. Newman.

**Maclean's:** Benson Canadians are somewhere in the middle; we're interested in the very different views of the world situation from the European and American perspectives. Can you give any sense of what's happening?

**Lord Robbins:** I'm always prepared to believe the worst of the Soviet Union, but as between the two superpowers, that this Polish general is trying to save his country from interference by the Russians, and the alternative view that he



was hand in glove with the USSR from the beginning—I don't know how to choose. I notice that he was at the head of the Communist party for a long time, but wouldn't exclude the possibility that he would want to keep things under his own hat rather than deliver to the Politburo Public opinion in the west of Europe is very afraid of nuclear warfare, and the movement for unilateral disarmament in various parts of the [NATO] alliance that side of the Atlantic, while it is completely ridiculous, is not politically unimportant.

**Maclean's:** Do you see any loss of will in the alliance? It seems to me that it is having increasing difficulty coming up with a consensus on anything.

**Lord Robbins:** The NATO alliance has never been more than a fragile assembly, and the fault for its weaknesses lies on both sides of the Atlantic. In the past, the U.S. has not been prepared to extend the area of NATO's jurisdiction because, I would have guessed, Congress would have said enough is enough. Well, then, on the side of the Atlantic there is the chronic anti-Americanism of cer-

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tain parts of Western Europe, notably France. Anti-Americanism in France is rampant and rents upon ignorance of past history and story.

**McNair's:** Do Americans bring it on themselves by viewing the world in too black-and-white terms?

**Lord Robbins:** Sensible as American and you'll find residues of what he was taught about the 16th-century year of independence and the melancholy of George III, and a complete ignorance of the fact that something approaching half of informed British opinion in the 19th century was on the side of independence. (The isolationist position is not always unreasonable. Certainly, if in the '90s a substantial proportion of the isolationists of this island could have put their legs on the cliff at Galois and pushed the island further into the Atlantic, they would have done it with delight.) American policy is what it is because events have forced upon them, as the leading Western power with income per head greater than that of most free societies, the need to be involved in political developments in all parts of the world. Isolationism, although it no doubt may be beneath the surface of the minds of many people, is a dead duck in the present world situation and as far as one can see, ever more.

**McNair's:** You once wrote a book entitled *The Economic Causes of War*. Would the main causes of the Third World War be economic or ideological?

**Lord Robbins:** If you look out on a large scale between the free and unfree world, it will be an ideological war, and not economic. It will be there due to some overly strong and crude reaction on the part of the free world, which will constitute a temptation which the Russians would respond as instinctively to the sort of economic, or if they break out because they (the Soviets) feel that the evolution of the free world is a menace to their existence—what they've been able to do for their people so far compares very ill with what the capitalist system does for its citizens.

**McNair's:** Do you see war or peace in the short term?

**Lord Robbins:** Who can say? But whereas the Nazis were dismissed romantically, the Russians are chess players. On the whole they have only done things that they could get away with, and although the next few years will be extremely dangerous, I don't see the Russian doing anything precipitous.

**McNair's:** That argues for the strengthening of NATO, and yet the alliance seems very unsteady.

**Lord Robbins:** You mustn't exaggerate. In that country the forces of unilateral disarmament are not negligible politically, but there is certainly not a majority. [Ward] Germany is more difficult to assess. One can't forget the fact that

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the Germans are prone to extremism. Maclean's. Surely the main problem with the American image is that half the people of Europe were born after the Korean War, in their minds of the United States was shocked by Vietnam.

**Lord Robbins:** Yes. Of course, I believe that the Americans should have carried more force rather than less. The fact that they threw in the sponge was very unfortunate, especially for the inhabitants of Vietnam and surrounding countries.

**Maclean's:** What is the realistic place of England in Europe's future?

**Lord Robbins:** Our performance economically has been very poor, comparatively. During the '60s, the standard of life in France, Germany and Japan was advancing much more rapidly. In the '70s, we first had very bad government under Edward Heath, who intensified the inflation, and then of course we had the [Labour] government, which passed all sorts of very embarrassing laws.

**Maclean's:** Do you agree with what Mrs. Thatcher is trying to do?

**Lord Robbins:** I agree with what she's trying to do, I don't agree with every item in her policy. I think that it was a mistake when they came into power to carry out this very considerable switch from direct to indirect taxation. Where I take exception to their financial policy is in altering the standard rate of direct taxation and making up the difference by increasing the value-added tax, which certainly drove up the cost of living and made wage negotiations much more difficult.

**Maclean's:** What about the monetarist aspect of her government's policies?

**Lord Robbins:** I don't understand the meaning of monetarism any longer, it's just a term of abuse. I personally would never call myself a full-blooded monetarist, though I believe that control of the money supply is very important. The present government hasn't been frightfully successful in controlling the amount of borrowing, but I don't blame Margaret Thatcher. I blame rather the experts for not devising administrative measures which make control of aggregate expenditure, which is after all the target, easier to carry through. Mrs. Thatcher is right in regarding the main enemy as inflation, even at the present level.

**Maclean's:** As a summary up, do you see the free world muddling through its present crisis?

**Lord Robbins:** The free world will muddle through. I should expect things to look up in the United States in the next 18 months. And I have no doubt that Germany, Switzerland and Japan will get back, not perhaps to the former rate of growth, which was something pretty unprecedented in the history of mankind, but to tolerable prosperity. ☐



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## CANADA

### Airing the dirty linen in London

By Ian Anderson

During British members of Parliament joined into consciousness when Margaret Thatcher firmly assured the Commons last week that she was "not in favour of the discrimination of Canada." At least that is what it sounded like. The purifying official record will show the British prime minister referred to anomalies, but a Freedom City could have been expected. Her government has found itself more deeply mired in the "Canada Question" than it ever wanted—even though Ottawa had declared the way clear after its political accord with nine provinces last November. Dozens of British MPs were still thrashing out their obligations in pursuing a contentious relic called the British North America Act. And there was the Canadian minister of justice, Jean Charbon, twaddling his tongue in London while the British kept him waiting—and in the dark.

The Canadian High Commission in London tried to pass off the delays and criticism of Canada as the last harangue of Empire. Commissioner Jean Waddell's staff depicted the MPs who had been kicking up the fuss over "Red Indians" as eccentric, Commonwealth-balls and featherbrained fringe politicians. In this judgment, the High Commission was evidently wrong, as it has been wrong so often in the past 18 months, about the Canadian-style Battle of Britain.

Over the first two votes concerning the Canada act, 70 British MPs have voted against it, almost all of them because they felt rights guarantees for Canadian natives were patently inadequate. By the time the British finally vote to strip the last legal link with its old colony, at least one out of every six British MPs will have known party lines to ensure Pierre Trudeau's government as its handling of native rights. There is more here than mere accuracy: saying "yes" to the "yes" was expected, given Trudeau, who organized the government's lobby before the November second left Quebec isolated. "It is difficult to ask members to fight the nine provinces, the federal government, the

British government and their own party," he declared. And yet many are doing just that.

What is amazing is that the native lobby in London has proven effective despite crippling internal divisions. The one British MP who has come to speak for the native cause is no longer on speaking terms with the Saskatchewan and B.C. Indians. The ex Bruce George

dispute are occurred, the idea is a non-starter politically in Britain. Two native lobbies have been working independently for the past four months. Confused British MPs have taken to describing the two Indian groups in their own terms, as "the Indians" and "the Indians," after the extreme-left Labour Party faction led by Tony Benn.

The Indians have hurt their cause in Ottawa as well as London. An approved federal government has openly threatened to cut back the research grants for land claims cases that it says bands have misused into the London legal and lobbying battle. O'Connell will not say how many millions have been spent by the Indians in London to have the British enact the stronger rights guarantees that Ottawa and the provinces dickered. But he does admit his group is deep enough in debt that it will soon launch a fund-raising campaign in Britain. Cynical observers wonder how much British donors will consider sending to a group that claims to be facing "racism." If Westminster passes the Canada act and yet is based in London's Park Lane Hotel. As inside O'Connell's quarters by claiming the infamous West End hotel "supports the Indians, too" and is charging out like a right, about keeping its normal pace.

O'Connell has been keeping Indian spirits buoyant by forwarding comment rights on the Canada issue both in the Labour leadership and in Thatcher's Conservative cabinet. Neither scenario appears to have any basis in reality. Labour's attitude to the Canada act was best exemplified by Denis Healey, the



O'Connell and Waddell, twiddling his thumbs in the dark

has committed to be refused to embrace what he considers the "factually sane" strategy developed by Victor O'Connell, a Jesuit-trained Irish ideologue who has emerged as "political co-ordinator" for Neil Sanderson, chief of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians. O'Connell is pursuing the new strategy with considerable success of semi-sovereign Indian states within Canada.

As far as George and the Alberta In-

party's deputy leader and foreign affairs spokesman. Healey told the Commons at second reading Feb. 17 that he opposed amending the Canada act, then, a week later at committee stage, he attached his name to a native rights amendment—but was absent for the vote. In the subsequent passage of British politics, he had done his bit for both Canada and Labour Party unity.

In contrast to O'Connell's impassioned lobbying, Bruce George has concentrated on simply dragging out the

Maclean's

affair for a few more weeks "The main use of this debate is to point out that Canada's record domestically on civil rights is not as good as Canada's record internationally," George reasons "Each time there is a debate there is another stain on Canada's reputation." A Laborite representing a constituency in the gritty steel town of Birmingham, George has been a consistent champion of aboriginal causes—from the Laga to the Moors. His efforts, he admits, "are counterproductive in my own area, where we have 175-500-000 unemployment." But he cannot bury an affinity for native rights causes which arose from a Welsh background where the Welsh language was banned in schools. That fanatic with aboriginal causes has led to taunts from other MPs, who greet him in the halls of Westminster with "where-are-your-dead-ies" jokes.

It was perhaps an indication of British feelings toward the Trudeau govern-



Thatcher the purifying record will show it differently

ment that Christian and the High Commission have been kept largely unlighted by Thatcher's House leader, Sir Francis Pym. When Bruce George struck ahead for a second day's constitutional debate in return for no further filibuster, the Canadian delegation in the Detached Stranger's Gallery had been sleeping debate until midnight and beyond. Instead, Pym allowed the House at 10 p.m. to move on to discussion of reports of Chinese shippers. The British made it clear that they have no

issue debate, saying Pym had informed him when the committee stage would proceed. But one of his aides conceded that Pym had given no such specific agenda.

The High Commission's problems with the Indian lobby was overshadowed by its refusal to meet any of the Indian leaders. It was the High Commission's strategic lead announced with the provincial lobby—that is, ignore it. Nations were told they could talk with the Canadian government only in Canada, a counterproductive strategy that kept the High Commission uncomfortable about such Indian propaganda as O'Connell's assertion that official Canadian government policy is to force assimilation of the natives. While the Indians met daily with British MPs to press their cause after the November accord, the High Commission merely sent out occasional letters.

Ottawa's self-righteousness on the matter surfaced again last week when Trudeau feared he was leading his case as the British debated Canadian treatment of natives. "What I am doing is biding my time," he said a press conference, "I have even got a sore here, I've been biting it so hard."

In London, Chretien joked privately he might spend a weekend in Northern Ireland and return with answers to British problems there. What Chretien has failed to concede, however, is that many of the British MPs have been conspicuously well-informed on the native rights question. All they have really done is reiterate the Canadian government's own grim statistics on rates of native unemployment and suicide, and then

reiterate those facts with the simple opinion that Ottawa could do a better job taking care of its native population. "Trudeau himself pontificates from time to time about the Third World," says Sir Bernard Braine. "One or two of us simply pointed out he has a problem on his own doorstep."

While the Canadians have been given no specific date for a final role in the British House of Lords, Queen Elizabeth's scheduled departure after the weekend of March 23-24 still sits as a cloud over the possibility of a final role in the House of Lords. The possibility would be perfect. On that day

115 years ago Queen Victoria, her grand-grand-daughter, had her clerk read out the British North America Act for her.

The interest of British parliament in Canadian problems has obviously increased since the five-minute debate in which Westminster dealt with the resolution in 1982. The Trudeau cabinet may not welcome it, just as it may prefer that Canadian natives take the acquiescent approach of earlier decades. But things have changed all around. "As a fault-ridden group of people, the people the natives make is a foreign arena is to the benefit of their cause," Bruce George believes. As a country politician like Chretien should understand, what is good for the goose is also good for the gander.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND

### The Ocean Ranger mystery deepens

How long did the Ocean Ranger take to sink, the marine asked Feb. 15—and did it drowned crew of 84 take to the lifeboats too soon? Two weeks after the disaster, the questions continue to haunt Newfoundlanders. Last week, a chronology of rescue efforts, apparently compiled by an employee of the Operator Mobil Oil Canada for company use, fell into the hands of CTV Radio in St. John's. Its contents swiftly became known throughout the city, and the document was seized upon by the mainland media, fueling popular suspicion that Mobil was sitting on some dark secret.

On the face of it, the 26-page typewritten document suggests that the Ranger was still above the waves 85 minutes after the last—130 s—survivor message. That the crew was hearing it also raises the disturbing possibility that one lifeboat with survivors aboard may have been struck by a supply ship that had sped to the rescue. "Disastrous," commented Mobil publicist Susan Sherk about a flurry of news reports based on the leaked document. Then Sherk added, in a prepared statement, "It would be a grave error to attempt to determine the statements, which were drawn from many sources after the fact, as a precise description of the tragedy as it unfolded."

But Sherk did not deny that someone closely involved in the Feb. 15 rescue effort had made the notes. Nevertheless, inside Mobil, the account is impressive and incomplete. At 1:59 a.m. 1982, the post-mortem lifeboat chronology, which was based on the rig crew's log, the rig RECORD 705, which was nine nautical miles away, "was advised by



MWG [Marine Watch], Mobil drilling superintendent in St. John's, to send all workers to the Ocean Ranger." At 2 a.m., "Mobil Fraser advised Seaford Highlander search without two miles from Ocean Ranger. Highlander informed [sic] could not pick up rig on radar. Unable to see lights."

At 3:30, Fraser "advised that the Highlander was stopped a lifeboat. Fraser was advised by MWG to instruct Highlander crew to try to locate lifeboat or try to take it in tow to avoid tipping or dumping personnel." At 3:35, "Mobil Fraser advised lifeboat turned. But the supervisor was not at the rig and the crew was not in Newfoundland. Last week in St. John's, a member of Norway's Kjelstad Foundation, set up after the 1960 North Sea rig disaster that claimed 165 lives, warned that to let Mobil seek around the Ranger's site with its magnetic and seismic vessel involved the possibility of a recovery. Government, not industry, he argued, should conduct the investigation. But Newfoundland Energy Minister Wil-

son Marshall said that "representatives of both governments" were also on the investigation expedition. "It won't be Mobil Oil investigating itself from the point of view of this inquiry. What Mobil Oil is doing will be watched, and watched very carefully."

A crucial story for 258 who read "Highlander attempting to pick up men in the water," followed by the astonishing sentence "Highlander indicates Ocean Ranger okay to land on with helicopter," suggesting that the rig was not only afloat, but also more or less oper-

right. At 3:36, says the report, Mobil's "Seaford Highlander," advised "Bad Fraser not to let helicopter land on Ocean Ranger unless absolutely safe to do so." Messages from the rig were 3:45 and 3:46 indicated the rig could not be seen on radar, at 4:02 supply boats on the site could see "no sign of rig either on radar or visually." At 4:05, "Seaford supply called wants to know about rig status," at 4:24 an aircraft "finds our location—rig not there."

With all Thatcher's announcements of the rig's discovery sought but properly arranged federal-provincial inquiry into the tragedy, Mobil could at least be safe in justifying its check-mate approach to providing information. As the Newfoundland government had proposed, the inquiry takes the form of an independent royal commission in consultation with judicial powers and wide-ranging terms of reference.

Newfoundland Chief Justice Hickman, formerly an expert marine lawyer, will serve as chairman of the joint commission. He is expected to be able to chair his own inquiry, while the head of the provincial inquiry, ex-Newfoundland lieutenant-governor Gordon Winter, becomes vice-chairman.

The other Newfoundland inquiry members, lawyer Eustice Howard, a 330 engine and metal architect Jan Point, remain, along with two new Newfoundland nominees, retired university administrator Moses Magpas and consulting engineer Bruce Parry.

But the supervisor was not at the rig and the crew was not in Newfoundland. Last week in St. John's, a member of Norway's Kjelstad Foundation, set up after the 1960 North Sea rig disaster that claimed 165 lives, warned that to let Mobil seek around the Ranger's site with its magnetic and seismic vessel involved the possibility of a recovery. Government, not industry, he argued, should conduct the investigation. But Newfoundland Energy Minister Wil-

son Marshall said that "representatives of both governments" were also on the investigation expedition. "It won't be Mobil Oil investigating itself from the point of view of this inquiry. What Mobil Oil is doing will be watched, and watched very carefully."

—RANDOLPH JONES

#### NEW BRUNSWICK

### Oil and water still don't mix

Head Harbour Passage is a narrow stretch of sailing water between Deer and Campbell islands, N.B., on the western edge of the Bay of Fundy just off the coast of Maine. Local fishermen know the passage for its treacherous currents and dangerous, jutting ledges. And it has never seemed like a safe route for giant oil super-tankers. Recently the Canadian government moved decisively to ensure that such vessels will never come in the water. And that, in turn, caused consternation in Washington, putting a severe strain on the already listing relationship between the Reagan administration and Ottawa.

For their part, the Americans were already angered by issues ranging from Canadian government restrictions to fisheries policy. (A U.S.-Canada dispute involving fishing limits on Georges Bank is the nearly Gulf of Maine has recently been a major point of contention at the International Court of Justice at The Hague.) Now Washington has added Head Harbour Passage to its list of complaints.

According to Ottawa's adict, no tanker carrying more than 5,000 tonnes of oil or oil products will be allowed to sail through the passage. The reason Canada fears that the much bigger super-tankers could easily run aground in the narrow channel, unleashing an oil spill that would be widespread and catastrophic.

Such a threat has hung over the area since the late 1960s when the huge Finnish Company of Conocovent arrived in Little Bayport, Me., with a plan to bring property and the good life to

the long-suffering community (Maclean's Feb. 28, 1981). Perotus proposed to build an \$850-million refinery in Esquimaux and to haul in Middle East crude for processing. Unfortunately the only assets for the company's superintendents was through Head Harbour Power.

From the beginning, both Ottawa and Fredericton objected to the plan. A New Brunswick government brief presented to a Maine environmental hearing in 1979 warned that an oil spill could jeopardize thousands of local jobs in the fishing and forest industries. Oronovik International Park on Campobello Island is a scant eight kilometres across the water from Esquimaux, while traversing the coastline from Nova Scotia to Cape Cod. Fisheries Minister Roméo LeBlond, however, declared that after numerous visits to the area he was "always left with a total conviction that heavy tanker traffic could never be allowed to navigate our waters to any refinery in Esquimaux."

Environmentalists on both sides of the border cheered Canada's stand last week. But the U.S. state department sent a diplomatic note to Ottawa protesting that Canada's actions denied "the right of innocent passage to a particular class of vessel which clearly is contrary to the principles of international law." There were suggestions

## With its tricky currents and jutting ledges, it seems hardly a fit place for giant oil supertankers

that if Britain, gone ahead with its project (the company is also facing court challenges from U.S. environmentalists), could sue Canada, the latter would be sued. But the U.S. state department sent a diplomatic note to Ottawa protesting that Canada's actions denied "the right of innocent passage to a particular class of vessel which clearly is contrary to the principles of international law." There were suggestions

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—DAVID FRISVOLD, with William Leach in Washington

## QUEBEC

# Requiem for a shopping spree



Charon's day in court: His scandal would quickly disintegrate into a farce

Once the great debates of Quebec between him, that French-speaking Bretoners were long feared to die in English with sales clerks at Eaton's. Nowadays, most complaints of such linguistic difficulty come from English-speakers, and in Quebec the store's very name has been purged of its Anglo-centric S. Bell, it was perhaps inevitable that when one of the Parti Québécois government's most popular ministers was caught pilfering a sports jacket, *not* Eaton's that the scandal would quickly degenerate into a burlesque of English-French reciprocity.

Governor-in-Chief René Lévesque Charon was clothes shopping with a young male companion Jan 30 when a female Eaton's security officer apprehended him leaving the store without having paid for a jacket he was wearing beneath his overcoat. Charon fled in fear, panic-stricken, dodging downtown traffic, and several blocks away, he was tackled in a subway by an athletic part-time store detective. According to Eaton's statement of evidence, Charon quickly admitted his crime and offered to pay double the \$189 retail price of the jacket—one made, maddeningly, of British wool.

Charon's public act of contrition—a confession made only last week after a released statement on the shopping charge—was tangled with some resentment that his interrogation by store authorities took place in English. Quebecers may now be able to buy from Eaton's in French, but no longer if they must still speak English. Through Char-

on resigned from the cabinet and made no attempt to excuse his "abstinent act," he did suggest that Eaton's senior management had chosen to destroy his career for him by laying charges after the security agents had decided not to prosecute. "It means they had consultations at a higher level and they decided to execute me," he declared.

Within hours Eaton's restored both Charon from Charon's superciliousness whose suspension of political motivation belated the charge at first went unchanged by the store. French news reports made much of the fact that Charon had been apprehended by "Anglophone" security personnel, and the *Journal de Montréal* headlined: "THE ORDER TO CHARGE CHARON CAME FROM TORONTO." Eventually, Eaton's affirmed that local French-speaking management made the decision and explained that it took a week to write the 35-page report transmitted to the Crown prosecutor's office.

Maintre's municipal court spent another nine days processing the complaint and presenting it to a judge for prosecution. Such in-camera judicial proceedings are commonly held in Quebec to avoid damage to the reputations of public figures without revealing evidence of guilt. Eaton's spokeswoman Georgine Gault said the store was "more prudent than usual" in deciding whether to prosecute because of Charon's prominence, and she suggested that the minister could have avoided the charge had he been up to the theft before leaving. "In the case of anybody who resigns we prosecute. If a person resigns and follows our detectives

back into the store, it is taken into consideration," she said. The minister was fined \$500 in municipal court after being fingerprinted and photographed for police records.

Attitudes toward the 35-year-old politician seemed to differ along language lines. Les Presses Bleues, a Quebec daily, wrote that while the English-language *Gazette* editorialized that he was "an essentially stingy crook," the pre-Lévesque paper went so far as to say that Charon should not be so easily forgiven as federal Communications Minister Jean Paré, who, when solicitor general in 1976, admitted in having forged an application to abort the pregnancy of another man's wife. This, said *the Gazette*, was a "humanitarian gesture." (Paré, like Charon, resigned an cabinet post and was re-elected 33 months later when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau named him minister of communications.)

Once treated as a hero by nationalist students, Charon joined the cabinet in 1978 as minister for youth but made his political mark as a vigorous of parliamentary procedure, admired for his eloquence and skill even by opposition politicians. But last fall Charon suffered from an unfounded news accusation that a member of his staff had acted in homosexual paraphernalia. His staff within the national assembly "that incident, and the strain of his job as house leader, made him consider leaving the cabinet. The former minister wandered last week whether his subconscious had taken over, leading him to commit a crime that would ruin him of the next election to decide "I didn't know whether I still wanted to be a minister. Well, now I don't anymore," said Charon. "The decision was made—I was almost going to say from the outside, but in fact it was made by my own profound interior beyond my control."

Charon, one of the first new crop members elected in 1976, stands to remain his national assembly seat—as in an obscure sector of the chamber for one of the specific reasons. He is Premier René Lévesque's neophyte Quebec veteran have recently demonstrated tolerance toward their political leaders' personal transgressions. Lévesque's early morning driving accident, which sent the 38 of a registered driver, had no serious effect on his leadership. And last April voters elected QP member Gilles Giguère, who had previously pleaded guilty to having had sexual relations with two female roommates. Charon's clerical in his working-class high unemployment riding of St-Jacques, where he has a high school music understanding toward his defeat (and toward Eaton's), where many of them cannot afford to shop in any language at all. —DAVID THORNTON

## NOVA SCOTIA

# The doctor and his patience

Dr. Gen Chabrier says he was still so new to Canada's medical methods early in 1972 that he was not surprised when a fellow doctor at the Kentville Hospital lodged a bill to Medical Services Insurance (MSI), the agency that administers Nova Scotia's Medicare program. Chabrier, an Indian-born and -trained doctor who had just set up a general practice in nearby Dartmouth, says that he and Kentville Hospital Dr. R. V. Anand merely named a salaried hospital staff surgeon during an operation. But the staff surgeon's name didn't appear on the bill at all. Instead,

Anand was listed as the main surgeon, Chabrier as his assistant. That, of course, meant higher fees for both of them. "I didn't like the idea of it," Chabrier recalls. "But I didn't want to cause any trouble."

Eight years later, he changed his mind after Anand removed a patient's appendix without naming what Chabrier considered standard tests to confirm his diagnosis. "He saw her at 9:30, and by 9:45 she was in the operating room," Chabrier says. "When I asked him why he hadn't waited, he told me there had been a consultation in the operating room. At that point, I thought he was being evasive. I had kept my mouth shut."

Chabrier took that cue, along with seven others—including charges that two of his own patients had died and one had lost an arm—as a result of Anand's incompetence—to the hospital medical advisory board. This advisory board dismissed Chabrier's allegations as groundless, and the hospital's board of directors revoked Chabrier's hospital salaried privileges, paying him only for consulting patients three for routine blood tests or X-rays.

Angered, Chabrier then detailed the same charges in a letter to Nova Scotia Health Minister Gerald Sheehan in July 1980. Sheehan then asked the provincial medical society, which lectures and discusses Nova Scotia's health care, to investigate. During a hearing that produced 300 pages of testimony, the board looked into all of Chabrier's charges as well as Anand's counter-complaint that

Chabrier's accusations amounted to "conduct unbecoming," a doctor in its domain in May 1981, the board did not comment specifically on any of Chabrier's charges, but it did find Anand guilty of professional misconduct for "failing to provide complete medical treatment" and for "irregular and improper billing practices."

The board found Chabrier guilty of professional misconduct for the way in which he had handled his allegations against Anand. Both men were officially reprimanded but, while Anand continued to practice at the hospital, its



Chabrier: "But I didn't want to cause any trouble."

board refused to reinstate Chabrier. As a result, Chabrier, who claims he lost advertising privileges but not his nearly half \$80,000-to-\$70,000 annual income, announced plans late last year to leave the area on March 31. His wife and two youngest children have already moved to Toronto.

Following Chabrier's announcement, more than 300 of Chabrier's 1,000 residents turned up at a meeting in early February to support him, and earned a blue chip committee of local academics, clergymen, and politicians to press the hospital to reinstate him. Late last week, after three long meetings with the hospital board, committee spokesman Tim Boyce, a sociology professor at nearby Acadia University, said he thought Chabrier and the hospital board might be able to patch up their differences. But Chabrier remains bitter. "They tried to destroy me," he says. —STEVEN KROSH

# Trade winds from Washington

By Michael Posner

One year ago—to the week—table talk in Washington revolved around the mounting Communist menace in Latin America. The newly installed Reagan administration, exercising its hard-line rhetoric, declared its willingness to "go to the source"—Cuba—of its growing problems in the region. The state department issued a White Paper purporting to document the flow of arms from Cuban Premier Fidel Castro to Nicaragua to El Salvador. The then, charged Secretary of State Alexander Haig, was a textbook case of Soviet-imposed subversion. The president's ambassador, Ed Meese, issued that a naval blockade of Cuba was an option being considered.

One year later, the bombast is largely unchanged. The president's men still regularly take the opportunity to fire off threatening notes at the Marxist-Leninist perf to the south. But in the economic deal, if not word, the Reagan team seems to have arrived at a more

realistic understanding of the options available to it. That, at least, was how most observers viewed last week's Caribbean Basin Initiative, the administration's much-touted package of aid, trade and tax credits for the region. Although it falls short of the ambitious Marshall Plan originally envisioned, the program may ultimately do more to prop up the sagging economies of Central America than any of the military scenarios still on the Pentagon's drafting boards.

As outlined in Reagan's address last week to the Organization of American States, the basic intent of the plan is catalytic. Many Caribbean nations have been victims of crippling levels of inflation and unemployment. Many are running staggering balance-of-trade deficits. The U.S. effort, like similar aid programs now being undertaken by Canada, Mexico and Venezuela, is based on the notion that providing a healthy economy is the optimum method of encouraging political stability. "If we do not act promptly and decisively,"

the president claimed, "new Cuban aid will arise from the ruins of today's conflicts."

As a result, the United States proposed to eliminate its general system of trade preferences and to allow every Caribbean product—except textiles—to enter without tariffs for 10 years. It is more for Washington to offer preferential trade terms to any specific region of the globe, and it is expected to boost revenues substantially for hard-pressed Caribbean exporters. As well, a host of pre-to-be-determined tax incentives will be put in place, designed to lure U.S. industry to the 26 nations that comprise the Basin zone. And, Congress permitting, Reagan hopes to boost direct economic aid by some \$550 million in the current fiscal year, with another \$600 million to follow in the next. These sums, in turn, would undoubtedly be used by Caribbean central banks to generate still higher levels of grants and loans to the private sector.

There is also a military aid component. \$60 million in new allocations,



Soldiers with wounded comrades near San Francisco Gotera. Tomorrow they might send us north—and I might not come back.

## Feeling the strain

The five young Salvadoran army officers were drowsing in an eatery in San Francisco Gotera, capital of the embattled province of Morazan. The tape player was blaring Paul McCartney, and attempts to talk politics were deflected by the ranking officer, a slightly built 32-year-old product of the U.S. training base in Panama. "Look," he said, "tomorrow they might send us up north. I might never come back. My friends here," he waved a hand grandiosely, "will remember me fondly. For a couple of hours. My girlfriend will think of me only for two or three days. Let's drink up."

San Francisco Gotera, like many Salvadoran cities, is a garrison town with a growth industry. Its dusty streets are lined with more beer halls and pharmacies than its population of 5,000 needs. Coast mariners are constructing extensive new quarters for the troops who are overwintering their barracks.

The town has been relatively quiet since it was briefly taken over during the guerrilla offensive in January 1981. But troops live with the daily prospect of being sent "up north" in search of guerrilla camps. More often they walk into ambushes and bloody traps. The frustration of such missions was one of the factors in the army's December massacre of 800 civilians in Morazan's capital of El Salvador.

With much of the interest in El Salvador's shadow war focused on the issue of U.S. military aid, the strain on the Salvadoran armed forces is an important but neglected factor. One problem is that the army has expanded faster than its training capacity, nearly doubling its total strength in two years to around 40,000. Security forces—the National Guard, National Police and Treasury Police—have also doubled, to more than 15,000. The age of the draftees, hitherto for men of less than 200 a month, is decreasing steadily. The official maximum age for conscription is 18. One 16-year-old, recovering from a leg wound at Morazan Medical Centre, is already a 14-month veteran.

They suppose also have their problems. Army expansion and the guerrilla tactic of targeting officers have created a critical shortage in the Salvadoran command. As a

result, the two-year officers' training program at the military school in San Salvador has been reduced by 12 months. The officers corps has also been badly shaken by two highly publicized court cases. One is the long-awaited prosecution of five National Guardmen accused of murdering four U.S. religious women in December, 1980. Another is the historic history of Maj. Guillermo Rosales, an 18-year veteran who founded a security corporation to protect wealthy Salvadorans. In fact, Rosales used his experience and contacts to snatch his own clients, disguising the crimes as the actions of a guerrilla group known as the 1980 Central American Workers' Party. Rosales's ring is said to have netted more than \$1 million from its activities, which included the much-publicized 1980 kidnapping of Central American department store magnate Roberto Rivas.

The Christian Democrats, running for office in the March 28 Constituent Assembly election, used the case to discredit Maj. Rosales. D'Aubisson and his ultra-right-wing ally party (National Republican Alliance) D'Aubisson was the National Guard's head of intelligence and interrogation for nearly a decade, and an extensive ad campaign linked Rosales to him. An ARENA victory, said the ads, would mean a restoration of the "jungleism" of former eras of military rule.

The army is maintaining a public posture of neutrality toward the election, even if it has no realistic of yielding power whatever the outcome. But this does not mean that it has mastered the threat from within. Government sources have confirmed that the spectacular attack on the flagships Air Base (Meduna), Feb. 8, 1982, was an "inside job." About the same time there was a mutiny at the strategically key San Carlos army base in San Salvador. Several officers are now in custody.

For many Salvadoran military personnel the army's finest moment was its 1980 defeat of the Hendersons in the so-called Soccer War. The victory was achieved after a brief series of lightning-quick actions. Today the army's situation is reversed. The guerrillas have emerged from their mountain strongholds to increase their effectiveness in urban areas. San Vicente and Masagua, towns of prime economic importance with working districts of the capital. No one is talking about victory these days. But, ironically, the word used to describe the situation is also borrowed from soccer: It is a goal—a tie. —ADRI NALAN in San Francisco Gotera



Poverty in El Salvador (above), gun-toting guerrillas (top) long-standing patterns of inequity and a denial of rights.

most of it targeted to war-torn El Salvador. In fact, despite the advent of several advisors, the president's speech stressed security issues almost as much as economic ones. The United States, he pledged, would do whatever was "prudent and necessary" to halt the leftward drift in El Salvador (too), and elsewhere Reagan stated America's rejection of "infinite responsibility" under a 1947 treaty—raising the possibility of joint military action in the hemisphere.

By coincidence, the Reagan formula was nearly a mirror image of the Third World subject, mentioned in New Delhi to review progress since last year's Cancun conference, had recently criticized the United States. Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, in a thinly veiled reference, said "major developed countries" had cut aid, raised protectionist fences and imposed damaging interest rates.

Reactions among those more intimately concerned, after the president's announcement, ranged from the positively glib to the blithely cynical. The governments of countries likely to receive the most benefit—Jamaica, Costa Rica, Honduras and El Salvador—were predictably euphoric. "A bold, far-reaching and historic initiative," declared Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga. "This presidential" echoed Costa Rica's recently defeated president, Rodrigo Carazo Quesada. Such political reciprocity as Nicaragua—poorly excluded from even a sliver of the aid pie—gave the plan a cautious endorsement. Radio Havana called it simply "a mixture of lies, cynicism and threats."

At home, the response was generally laudatory as well, although some observers noted that real payoffs for the Bush initiatives are years away, hence the disclaimer to "be patient." Good Kingfisher, Peley and John Kennedy's Advisor for Progress fails to address Washington's principal and urgent dilemma in Central America—preserving the junta headed by President José Napoleón Duarte in El Salvador. Duarte's position is clearly more glib. On the right, the president's conservative friends dread the administration's reluctance to extend anything but rhetorical muscle. For their part, his critics on the left say Washington has become a willing accomplice to the gross human rights violations now occurring in El Salvador. The debate intensifies daily. A significant body of Americans—75 per cent according to a recent *Newsweek* poll—fear the act of

aid in Central America may produce another Vietnam, with U.S. troops committed to another unwinnable war. But the probability of unilateral U.S. action is remote. There is no consensus in the country for wholesale military involvement. The *Newsweek* poll reported 89 per cent of those questioned are against sending troops to the Duarte regime. Under the 1953 War Powers Act, congressional approval would be needed for direct armed intervention, and there is little chance that Congress would assent. In fact, the House of Representatives is threatening to cut off the arms flow if it finds that—contrary to the president's certification—the Duarte government is not improving its human

aid that a compromise could be found that would satisfy U.S. concerns about a negotiated settlement. López Portillo declined to cite specific proposals, but Washington will almost certainly give him a private forum for spelling them out.

Constrained by foreign and domestic considerations, Reagan—the Carter before him—has been forced to seek diplomatic, trade and political solutions. But these, when adapted, may be too little or too late to arrest the guerrillas' clear momentum in El Salvador. For the president's conservative loyalists, this is an occasion for despair. Writing in the *American Spectator* this month, former National Security Council staffer Peter Rodman concludes "The prospects are ominous. El Salvador is a tiny country, in our own hemisphere, with a small economy, a leader with democratic credentials and a program of land reform and free elections that is worthy of broad support. If we cannot contain a Communist power grab there, we are in deep trouble."

However, many analysts, while agreeing that Moscow is quick to exploit social unrest in Latin America, reject the assumption that the Soviet Union is necessarily the root cause. To that extent, Soviet arms shipments to Cuba that end up with guerrillas in El Salvador—the arms traffic from Nicaragua is at record proportions, Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Pickens charged last week—are only a symptom, not the disease itself. Or, as Rev. Bryan Hebr of the U.S. Catholic Conference put it recently: "The conflict in El Salvador is rooted in long-standing patterns of injustice and denial of fundamental rights for the majority." Nor is it clear, in López Portillo's carefully chosen words, that the wind blowing through Central America represents "an intolerable danger for the fundamental interests and national security of the United States."

Suspicious of such assurances, the Reagan administration has nonetheless prodded an economic alternative to all-out military containment. Apart from alternative world supplies, a small rural blockade of Cuba would likely be ineffective. A larger operation would risk a wider conflict and leave American forces vulnerable elsewhere. And that leaves Washington no choice but to pursue containment by playing at diplomacy—with a fervent prayer that it will somehow work.

With John Jay in Ottawa and Percy Symon in New Delhi.



Indira Gandhi: a thinly veiled criticism of U.S. aid record

#### rights performance

At hearings in a House foreign affairs subcommittee last week, Robert White, the Carter administration's ambassador to El Salvador, observed sadly that not a single senior state department policymaker for Central America had ever toured in the region. That awareness gap, he implied, lies at the root of Reagan's misgivings. White challenged the administration's public suspicion that democratic stability will emerge from the March 28 elections. The election is a charade, "he said. "The left is not participating where they would certainly be shot. What I fear is that the Christian Democrats will lose, the parties on the right will split in ineptity, and Duarte—if he wins a high opinion—will lead for the national emergency."

One possible solution to the crisis was hinted at last week by would-be mediator José López Portillo. On a state visit to Nicaragua, the Mexican president

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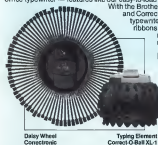
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Vietnamese tank guards outpost near Siem Reap, raising it after engagement. Khmer strength is now sharply downward

#### KAMPUCHEA

## Bleeding the Khmer Rouge

Reports last week of fighting between Thai troops and Vietnamese forces in last period of Khmer Rouge guerrillas fleeing from Kampuchea, were only a first of a much larger development. Maclean's correspondent Paul Quinn-Judge, who has just returned from a tour of Vietnam and Kampuchea, says that a dry-season offensive by the Vietnamese has severely bloodied the Khmer Rouge and allowed the political map of the area to shift. His report:

For the young Vietnamese officer it had been a close brush with death. "We were out on ambush patrol and we walked right into them," said the 28-year-old Tan Van Thanh. "Fortunately they were as surprised as we were. They fired a couple of times, then they ran off into the jungle. If they had kept fighting, I'd have had to die." Then he pulled up his trousers to show the big scar left from his encounter with the Khmer Rouge guerrillas. His wound was healing well, and soon he would be back with his unit on the Thai border. "For the last few months of the offensive."

That's a near-final confrontation with the Khmer Rouge—the strongest of the major opposition groups trying to expel 300,000 Vietnamese troops from Kam-

puchea (Cambodia)—since mid-Vietnam's largest dry-season offensive against the guerrillas since the overthrow of the Pol Pot government in 1979. The fighting is now in its fourth month and shows no signs of abating. Indeed, there are fears that it may escalate. Last week a 300-man Vietnamese force crossed into Thailand in last period of its quarry, clashing with Thai border guards.

Both sides in Kampuchea clearly feel a great deal is at stake this year. For the Khmer Rouge, a military defeat could bring with it a dismantling of its diplomatic support from its already-scruffy, non-Communist backers.



Since Christmas, the guerrillas, led by Khieu Samphan, have thrown new troops into the fighting in a so-far unsuccessful effort to achieve a convincing victory. For their part, the Vietnamese have also gone on the offensive, determined to bleed the guerrillas as much as possible. In late October, taking advantage of an early drought, Vietnamese troops severely mauled a large concentration of Khmer Rouge forces in the far northeast. Operations then spread west and north, down most of Kampuchea's 570-km border with Thailand.

Fighting has been particularly heavy near the Kampuchean city of Siem Reap, around the big Khmer Rouge base in the Phnom Mlha mountains on the Thai border and in a number of guerrilla strongholds farther south. So far, reports from the battlefronts suggest that the Khmer Rouge is faring badly. North of Siem Reap, for example, the Vietnamese claim to have captured the deputy commander of a guerrilla regiment recently sent as reinforcements. Western intelligence sources in Bangkok put Khmer Rouge casualties in this area in the hundreds. Vietnamese sources, they say, are much lower.

The Vietnamese clearly believe that the offensive is going according to plan. The official view is that it is as much important to kill enemy soldiers than to capture their positions. Hanoi knows that the Khmer Rouge can obtain almost unlimited supplies from China. But the North Vietnamese also know

that the Khmer Rouge is having an increasing difficulty finding recruits for its army. At the same time, Western observers have revised their estimates of Khmer Rouge military strength sharply downward, from some 30,000 last year to about 20,000 currently.

Even more important, Khmer Rouge forces are being ground as the diplomatic front. For the past year the non-Communist Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) has been trying to build an anti-Vietnamese coalition of the Marxist Khmer Rouge and two non-Communist Khmer leaders, Prince Norodom Ranisod and former prime minister Son Sann. Now there are signs that ASEAN is abandoning the idea.

In frustration, it holds Khmer Rouge unacceptably largely responsible for the scheme's failure. Confronted with this, Khieu Samphan quickly agreed to attend an ASEAN-proposed meeting in Peking last week involving the three leaders. But any chance of progress in talks, hosted by Chinese Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping (Deng), was scuttled by Son Sann's refusal to attend.

Meanwhile, by whittling down the Khmer Rouge forces, Hanoi hopes it can induce ASEAN to agree to a negotiated solution to the Kampuchean problem. With the Khmer Rouge isolated, Vietnam believes it might be able to entice Ranisod back to Phnom Penh to assume a figurehead position. That would allow ASEAN to save face and rid Hanoi of a mighty headache.

## Deng keeps on coasting

Chinese Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping is a practiced ruler of Peking's political roller coaster. Twice during the past 15 years he has been purged, only to soar once again to the heights. As a result, it was not surprising that his recent 30-day absence from public view set off reports heralding his third and final demise. Despite disclaimers from Chinese officials, a few members of Peking's foreign press corps—in particular London Times staff correspondent David Bonavia—continued to speculate about his future.

Last week, two more theories were added to the list. Deng, reported Tokyo's Kyodo news agency, would retire at the end of the year, or next year. Added Bonavia, sticking to his theme, a recent article in the Peking China Daily gave

one major obstacle to Vietnam's scenario in the unfolding drama of Washington giving its blessing. But on that front, too, Vietnam appeared to be making some progress. Last week it received a U.S. delegation for talks aimed at clearing up the major war point between the two countries—recovering the bodies of U.S. servicemen killed in Vietnam. After the meetings the diplomatic move at the U.S. Joint Casualty Resolution Center in Hawaii held out slight prospect of a show in refutation.

Another obstacle in resentment to Ranisod's return among Hanoi's allies in Phnom Penh. The top leaders of Heng Samrin's government are survivors of the 1975-76 U.S. Joint Casualty Resolution Center in Hawaii held out slight prospect of a show in refutation. Not only that, the remaining Khmer bourgeoisie, who form the backbone of the administration, still hate Ranisod for "opening the door to Pol Pot"—the



Deng with wife, a major overhaul is expected in the central government

clear signs that Deng and his pragmatic policies have fallen out of favor.

The latest reports, however, date only days after Deng had returned dramatically to public view. Laughing, gestulating and puffing on his favorite Panda-brand cigarettes, he had hosted former Kampuchea (Cambodia) head of state Prince Norodom Sihanouk in the Great Hall of the People. In obvious good health, Deng went out of his way to disarm the rumors. He had simply been resting in the country, he said.

Some foreign analysts interpreted it differently, however. What Deng had been doing, while the media were postulating everything from a balding, badly flagging leader, was "smoking heads" to speed up the streamlining of China's massive bureaucracy. It was a more than plausible explanation for his

Khmer Rouge leader whose presidential powers are reported to have left as many as two million Kampuchean dead between 1975 and 1979.

Vietnam may be able to convince its allies to set aside their animosity by stressing the high propaganda value. Sihanouk's return would represent. At present, the most potent political weapon the Khmer Rouge uses against Hanoi is Sihanouk's name. The Vietnamese claim that the only way the Khmer Rouge can get into a village these days is by saying that they are working to restore the prince. And amazingly, the peasants seem to believe them.

But the fact remains that until Sihanouk shows some sign that he would respect lawfully in a Vietnamese overture—and to date he has not, despite the diatribe of the world-bee coalition partners and flagging ASEAN support—Hanoi's grand plan remains only wishful thinking. ☐



absence from the power center. Wearing his icon hat—party vice-chairman and chairman of the Military Commission—Deng has been absent on weekend or senior party and military affairs who are incompetent, corrupt or opposed to his policies. Not only will party ranks be trimmed by one third, but a major reshuffle is expected soon in the central government.

At the same time, there is little doubt that Deng will retire in the next few years. He announced in 1980 that he would leave affairs of state to younger hands by 1985. But before he does, he will want to be certain that his protégé—Chairman Hu Yaobang and Premier Zhao Ziyang—are firmly in control. The bureaucratic upheaval currently under way is part of that process. —Po Lok



Bonavia



# The challenge of Japan

By Malcolm Gray

**T**hey arrive at Tokyo's Narita Airport, holding briefcases filled with plans and propositions that will change the lives and raise the living standards of Canadians in the next 10 years. The business carriers—Japanese trade representatives returning to head office, Canadian businessmen and increasing numbers of federal and provincial trade delegates—already know something that is starting to seep into the Canadian consciousness. It is, simply, that trade with Japan (an \$18-billion affair between the two countries last year) is about to increase dramatically.

As more and more ships carrying cars and coal, television sets and lumber ply the crowded Pacific routes, the Japanese connection keeps getting stronger every year. By 1988, one series of deals alone, involving coal projects in Alberta and northeastern British Columbia, will bring \$1.5 billion yearly in revenue from Japan. In fact, one B.C. coal project, inspired by Japanese fuel needs, will require an investment of at least \$2.5 billion to build the rail line, a new port and an inland new town. All of that is being done to provide the Japanese with 7.7 million tonnes of coal a year for 10 years, starting in 1981—the biggest single export deal ever signed in Canada. Thanks to the Japanese, coal has become "one of the great engines of the B.C. economy," according to western coal king Ron Stafford. But the West is not alone in reaping benefits from the connection. The machinery for that engine will likely be built in Eastern Canada's troubled steel effort badly needed in the staggering manufacturing sector.

Japan is already Canada's most important trading partner after the United States. And with deals like those now taking place, the relationship is certain to expand rapidly. But other nations are also turning their eyes toward Japan and knowing that it opens its huge market to outsiders. Consequently, Premier Jeanne Sauvé, who attended the economic summit hosted by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in March, also, four, last week, has agreed to lower his nation's trade barriers. Last week, as 250 Canadian businessmen met in Toronto to discuss ways to break into the Japanese market, it became clear

that the traditional relationship needs to undergo a change. Canada wants to be more than a supplier of raw materials to Japan's industrial miracle. And unlike most of Japan's trading partners, it can press for greater acceptance of manufactured goods while coasting on a trade surplus that hit \$1.06 billion in 1981.

Premier Jeanne Sauvé regularly pushes Canadian manufactured goods when they visit Japan. No one, however, has gone quite as far as B.C. Premier Bill Bennett. On a trip to Japan last December the premier got a standing ovation from an audience of businessmen when

the East. The Japanese are still making lightweight goods, but as they move into high-technology industries that do not require large amounts of energy, they hope Canada will play an important role in their national strategy. To the Japanese, it is a straightforward proposition: They are determined to dominate the world computer and electronics markets, but they still need Canadian resources for such basic industries as steelmaking and for power generation.

The prospect of future mega deals creates a reflexively apologetic mood at the Canadian Embassy in central To-



Shinkai already Canada's most important trading partner after the United States.

he suggested a marriage between the economy of his province (population 2.6 million) and that of Japan (population 311.4 million)—a union that would have joined an industrial giant to an elephant. If all the Canadians make the same point, the country wants to expand trade beyond minerals and lumber.

Canada, in fact, has a long history of trade with the Japanese. It stretches back 120 years to a time when green tea was exchanged for ships' masts. In the 1920s, as the balance of trade shifted in Canada's favor, C.P. Rail's famous "ultrains" had dismember over everything else on the tracks as they rushed from Vancouver carrying Japanese silk to

Japan. The country's location alone tends to create a mood of financial well-being, since the small, white-washed buildings on land rumored to be worth at least \$200 million to Arab buyers when it is to be redeveloped.

In the few months since Canadian Ambassador Barry Stuenkel presented his credentials to Emperor Hirohito, he has been busy trying to convince politicians and businessmen from Eastern Canada that the old, protectionist Japan is changing. He wants to see more companies like Ford and General—born in Ontario's St. Lawrence Valley—taking the Japanese at their word when they say that formerly closed markets (such as telecommunications) are now open to for-

igners. Then too, as the United States and European countries demand more access to Japan, Stuenkel is clearly certain that Canadian manufacturers will be able to hitch a ride into the Japanese market on their efforts. Says Stuenkel: "We stand to benefit from the pressures these other countries are putting on, and it's hard to be pessimistic about our trade with Japan over the short and long term."

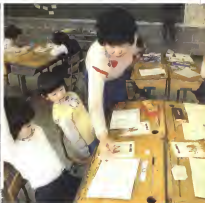
Kotabisa Yamada, says essentially the same thing from a Japanese perspective. Yamada was the Japanese consul in Toronto from 1965 to 1968 and recently worked as the editor-in-chief of an industrial master plan for Japan for the 1980s. The plan was produced by the powerful ministry of international trade and industry—known to everyone as MITI. It is one of the organizations that helped make believable the myth of Japan for—Japan as a single economic entity, with government, business and labor working as one. That myth is out of date now as Japan comes under pressure to open its markets and reduce its trading partners' huge deficits. For instance, MITI itself no longer has the power to decide which companies can trade abroad. But even with that loss of influence it is still a force in Japanese industrial planning.

Yamada, who was in Ottawa last November discussing the National Energy Program, admits that many Canadian manufactured goods have to be sold in Japan. And, as a first step, MITI will send an investment mission to Canada this month. That is itself is significant. While there have been well-known seating parties used to Canada in the past by Japan's huge trading companies, this will be the first trip by MITI.

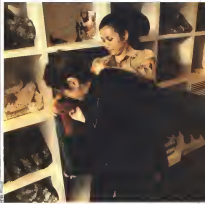
In the years ahead, most new investments will likely be in the western provinces as the Japanese try to get government contracts that will make energy supplies more secure. Japanese representatives say they are concerned about the number of strikes that take place in Canada, that in some ways the restoration, as well as Japanese opinion, that the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA), is a bargaining device. Canada gives every appearance of being an island of stability compared to Iran, where the Japanese invested heavily in projects since the Iran-Iraq border after the oil shocks of the early 1970s.

As a result, Japanese investment in Canada is expected to jump from its present low level of \$800 million to at least \$4 billion by 1990. In British Columbia alone, 14 Japanese companies are frantically trying to get provincial approval for natural gas projects worth \$1.6 billion to produce everything from fertilizers and petrochemicals to liquefied natural gas (LNG) for Japan.

Even if the approvals were given,



Japanese students in Vancouver; Canadian fashions in Tokyo. Below: Mega-deals.





however, these still would not be enough gas available in Alberta and British Columbia to meet the needs of all the projects. And that has heated up the competition among the companies involved in winning a provincial go-ahead. Enbridge Petroleum of Calgary, for one, is offering to build the bulk of the 1,100 cutters in Canada as it faces competition from two other groups to ship gas to Japan. "One of these 1,100 projects alone would be worth \$1 billion a year to Canada," says Carl Kikuchi, the commercial officer who is in charge of mineral resources—the human point at the Tokyo embassy. Kikuchi also keeps track of the Japanese presence in the Beaufort Sea. With \$400 million invested there already, the Japanese are hoping for a big oil strike. The federal government would then appropriate payment of the loss in barrels of Arctic oil.



Masaru Kawana (left) and family. *Realities are more than just account sheets*

The love affair between Japan and Western Canada begins the tourist trade too. In 1980, the latest year for which figures are available, about 100,000 Japanese visited Canada, almost all of them travelling no further east than Banff and Jasper. Tourist realities are popular with a people who enthusiastically tend to follow fads, or "moods," as the fashion of a moment is called in Japan. Plans for Japanese heading home with the latest in winter fashions stuffed in the overhead net bins make the bus industry happy—although they also tend to reinforce the notion of Canada as a frontier country, basically a supplier of raw materials.

Reputed growers on the Prairies, however, don't particularly mind that description, since

sales to Japan have increased by 55 per cent over the past five years. The growers have former American president Richard Nixon to thank. He gave the Japanese a stern shock in 1977 when he cut off soybean exports, forcing them to look elsewhere for the base of their solid and cooking oils.

Even lumber companies do more than

hew wood for Japan. The BC Council of Forest Industries has been one of the success stories in trade with Japan even though it took seven years to convince the Japanese government to change the building code to allow Canadian products to be used.

Traditionally, houses in Japan are

put up by carpenters who can fit to-

gether an entire building without using a nail. With 25,000 small sawmills, Japan

had the capacity to turn out irregularly shaped pieces of wood. But pro-

duction volume was low. The council

went to work on the Japanese economy

of construction in the late 1960s, trying

to convince it to use pre-cut wood from

Canada and employ Canadian house-

building techniques. In 1974, the minis-

try finally agreed that platform frame

construction, common in North Amer-

ica, would produce cheaper, better-built

houses. The 2-by-4 method, as it is

known in Japan, does not

dominate the market, but in five years or so

about 10 per cent of the

1.2 million new housing

units built each year will

use this system. Michael

Galbraith, the council's

manager in Japan, is fed

up with the knee-of-

wood stereotype. "What

other use is there for a 2-

by-4 but in a home? It

doesn't grow in the wild,

it's a manufactured

product."

Still, in completely

manufactured products, Canada's ex-

ports to Japan remain insignificant—

only three per cent of all goods shipped.

It is particularly apparent in the car

industry, where only three Canadian

companies have been successful. They

supply a meagre \$70 million worth of

parts to Japanese firms that now have

about 30 per cent of the Canadian mar-

ket. "That's peanuts," says Douglas

Sedgewick, chairman of the Canadian

Automotive Parts Manufacturers' As-

sociation. "There's no reason we can't

sell both replacement and manufactured

goods, and if the Japanese want to con-

tinue sending their cars here they

should have more Canadian parts in

them."

It is odd comfort to unemployed

auto-workers in Windsor, but none of

the 175,000 Japanese vehicles that will

have entered Canada by the end of this

month will have windshield-wiper

blades made by Tridon Canada of Ber-

lington, Ont. Sedgewick is Tridon's presi-

dent and, while he pushes for a larger

Canadian share in Japanese automo-

big, he acknowledges his company was

successful because it took the time to

research the Japanese market.

Tridon is typical of the Canadian

companies succeeding in Japan. They

are often small, sell most of their goods

abroad anyway, and are aware that the

Japanese like to take time to get to

know future partners as friends as well

as business associates. Their repre-

sentatives all have stories about people

who came to Japan without much prepa-

ration, made the rounds of a few firms,

then return home to wonder why the

orders aren't coming in. They talk about

one food supplier who was convinced

that his large economy-sized products

would be a success until he found out

that Japanese businessmen snap every

day and have small refrigerators.

Despite the current complaints of

protectionism against Japan, the Japa-

nese home sales are finally being

opened to foreign products. Tariffs and

the inflexible practice of not accepting

imports are being reduced. Still, it will

not be easy to sell in one of the toughest

markets in the world. Even first-rate

products don't sell themselves in Japan,

and the country's maddening distribu-

tion system with its many layers and

surveys is enough to make some com-

panies decide to look elsewhere.

Steve Kaufmann, president of the Ca-

na-dian Chamber of Commerce in Japan,

has seen such companies come and go.

He is one of the few businessmen from

Canada who is fluent in Japanese—

thanks to one year of intensive study—

and he sympathizes with representa-

tives who have to work all day while

trying to learn the language as well. "To

sell successfully in Japan you somehow

have to reach your end customers and

## INTRODUCING KEMPER'S BAVARIAN CREAM.



Kemper's Bavarian Cream was inspired amidst the green pastures of Bavaria. Created from a secret recipe of the Kemper family, this original Cream Liqueur is a blend of fresh dairy cream and gracefully aged whiskey. Light and refreshing on ice, its taste has a quiet warmth on its own—mellow, smooth and delicious.

Suzuki and Tridonau



you have to be careful of the big companies that many people see for distribution," he advises. Often a trading company will sign up a foreign exporter simply to prevent him from going to another agency, for instance. Months or years later the unfortunate foreigner learns that sales are slow because the trading company is also the distributor for his Japanese competitor and does not want to lose that contract by selling foreign goods too vigorously.

Canadians, in a visible example, have failed miserably in their attempts to sell a Canada sweater. After a decade of promoting a major sale, a third decade is still more than a year away. But even now the promotional negotiations are a source of irritation to Canadians and an embarrassment to many Japanese.

storey brick building in New Westonville, B.C. Though the company now has 255 employees across the country, he still feels pretty about having led off 50 people when car sales dropped in 1982. "People are a valuable resource, and it is better to try and keep them on during hard times than to train someone new," he explains.

But Canadians and Japanese are finding that relations between the two countries are more than a matter of account sheets. More Canadians face the prospect of being asked to do evening shifts and even the company song, so were the workers at an aircraft company when a new manager arrived from Japan. And as more Japanese work abroad, they find themselves being changed by the experience.

shown by Canadian managers, coupled with the low productivity of their workers. Makino himself, although known as a Canada booster, has taken heat for these remarks since he was the group leader. Six years after the initial uproar, he is careful not to say anything that would stir up more trouble. He is chairman of Nippon Kosen now and sticks to noncontroversial topics.

Japan is a small, crowded country that, through co-operation, has developed an economy second only to that of the United States. And it has accomplished that after being conquered for the first time in modern Japanese history in the Second World War. It is not a society appreciating perfection. The recent fuel fire in a large Tokyo hotel,



Japanese men in B.C., Canadian plant houses in Japan. Do more than just work.

more Japan buys about \$280 million worth of Northern Ontario minerals each year through the giant trading firm of Mitsubishi Company. With wants Japan to buy a Canada for the political push this would make with Canadians, but the Japanese government is also supporting the development of its own heavy-water reactor to provide power until heavier reactors are fully operational around the turn of the century.

Two years without a decision is long even by Japanese standards. But as Japan's investment in Canada grows, more Canadians will be exposed to Japanese management techniques. That involves decision-making only after a lengthy period of discussion has led to consensus. It also involves a demand for greater company loyalty and identification than North American workers are accustomed to give. (See: Yukikazu (Ken) Kawano: Two Nissan's auto operations in Canada from a modest two-

One of Kawano's three children was born in Canada, and all are going to local schools. He worries that when the first comes to go back to Japan they might be welcomed in the intense competition to win places at good universities — a requirement for a job with a big company.

Like most Japanese, though, Kawano is careful to avoid saying any thing controversial about Canadian work habits or labor problems. For good reason: Canadians are sensitive about criticism by outsiders, as a Japanese economic mission found out six years ago. Several members of a group led by Hiroyuki Makino, then president of Nippon Kosen KK, the second-largest steelmaker in Japan, spoke out after touring Canada. They said they did not like the uncertain labor climate or the lack of initiative

supposedly of international class, revealed more than anything else that Japanese efficiency has its limits. The feature is not shared for anyone, including those Japanese forced into apartments too small to let aging parents live with their grown children. They have still to overcome the immediate problems of pollution, overcrowding and as aging work force.

But in spite of the frictions and irritations that these differences produce, the Japanese have demonstrated that it is possible to achieve well-defined national goals by working together. That challenge could be set of Japan's most valuable exports to Canada. As Tatsuo Nagano, net long returned from running the Japan Trade Centre in Toronto, puts it, "Japan is not the Far East, it is the Near West."

Walt Stanczak, Photo in Tokyo and Great London in Vancouver

## Labor relations—Japanese style

By Sandra Peredo

The managers of Japanese-owned companies are not used to dealing with what their Canadian counterparts term "union problems." So last fall when a union tried to organize Panasonic's huge television plant in west-end Toronto, the move caused more than the usual excitement. For Niji Nagano, Panasonic's president, the attempt was personally upsetting. Nagano is, after all, one of a breed of Japanese managers legendary for keeping employees satisfied and productive.

resents 120,000 television units, one-half of them going to the United States. And he has tried to keep everyone satisfied as well. For eight years, until the plant was organized in March 1983, by the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, Nagano operated it at his own discretion along Japanese management lines. Among other things, that meant no layoffs, less direct supervision and the introduction of methods designed to relieve job boredom. Not only that, there were worker group meetings every morning to discuss the day's projects, as

Parasitic's Canadian employees don't say the company song, nor did they respond well to excessive demands for better work. But in the large, clean television assembly room, as hundreds of sets flaring blue and green move briskly on the conveyor belts, people along the line smile easily as Nagano walks past. By their own decision, the 250 employees work slightly longer hours Monday to Thursday so that their children can go to school on Friday afternoons. A few times throughout the year, work stops at noon on Fridays for a party—at company expense. A barbeque last summer featured staked steaks, beer and dancing to rock music. "I've been here three years," says one blue-shirted woman, with some pride. "The management is very nice. I know people who have quit and are sorry."

Edward Tompkins, the reformed manager of manufacturing services who spent many years working for a Canadian-run tobacco firm, shares that sentiment. "Matsumoto treats its employees better," he says. "It's hard to explain, but they care about the workers. There's pressure for production, and everyone's got a job to do, but nobody is really standing there with a big stick."

That may be one reason why, when it came down to a severe strike vote last fall, 82 per cent of Panasonic's employees decided that maybe they didn't need third-party representation after all. They voted out the union. Steward Canto is philosophical about the decision. "If that's the way people want it, that's the way it will be," he says.

Nagano, too, recognizes vindication somewhat by the vote, but interprets "no further problems." He also hopes there will be no further layoffs, a move Nagano was forced to make for the first time last year when market conditions slumped. With that not the worst result of the 1981 Japanese management credo of "lifetime employment," to which he is devoted. He also hopes to increase the "family" feeling of loyalty to the company. "My hands were tied," he says, indicating that the layoffs were spelled out in a union contract, and he could not set a precedent by not sticking to it. A precedent, however, does seem to have been set in one sense at least—that of North American workers responding positively to a Japanese management style. Nagano, whose loyalty to Japan's industrial philosophy does not, incidentally, seem to extend to the country's products—has driven a 1982 Oldsmobile 98—sums up his system in a very low voice. "We try," he says, "to treat people like human beings."



Nagano (left) and Toronto employees 'incorporate family' management philosophy.

without the intervention of third-party organizers.

Even worse, Panasonic is part of the massive Matsushita Electric Industrial empire. Its founder, Konosuke Matsushita, was one of the architects of the "corporate family" management philosophy that has in the past decade been touted as a main reason for Japan's rise to a trillion-dollar economy. At the 131 Matsushita electronics plants in Japan, employees are not only satisfied and productive, they begin each workday by singing the company song "We trust our strength together to harmony/Practise happiness/Matsushita Electric."

Nagano has clearly kept his workers productive. Panasonic's Canadian plant, which started from nothing in 1982, is now second only to RCA with sales of \$54 million in 1983. That represents

complaints and give suggestions. As a result, when the majority of his employees voted for the union it was a head blow for Nagano. But not, he points out, because he is against unions. Matsushita workers, after all, have their own union in Japan. It was because, as he puts it, "I didn't know if it had been doing the right thing. Our business philosophy is that profit is just a reward for having made a contribution. In having done something good for people, if our employees are not happy, the philosophy doesn't make any sense."

For his part, Steward Canto is a leading union organizer, an unexpected. "I have no problems with the way the management is," he says. "But the wages are lower than other plants." Not all the employees share Canto's resentment over the \$5.50-per-hour average wage



# Alsands faces the future—uncertainly

By Thomas Hopkins

It was the oil company winds of the 1980s, fanned by political delay, that seemed to be grinding down the multibillion-dollar Alsands mega-project last week. In a series of brutal, if not unexpected, blows the \$2.5-billion scheme lost three major participants. They joined two earlier defections who together held 88 per cent of the equity capital in a venture to extract crude from the vast oil sand deposits surrounding Fort McMurray in northeastern Alberta. Now, if the remaining three partners—copped up by the Alberta and federal governments—fail to come up with new cash-rich investors by the consortium's final deadline of July 31, the project may founder. Its outline could not shake on a whole squadron of other, mainly energy-related, mega-projects worth \$256 billion. And it is on just such undertakings that the federal government has staked Canada's future economic strategy and energy self-sufficiency.

Alsands, along with the Alberta Highway gas pipeline, is the mega-project flagship. It would boost Canadian oil supply by 137,000 bbl a day—31 per cent of Canadian production at completion in 1993. It would also be the third oil sand operation in the Fort McMurray area, following 30-year-old Suncor and three-year-old, \$2.5-billion Synoride.

By all accounts Alsands should have been under way. But for two years Ottawa-Alberta revenue wrangles left an eight-member consortium floundering and waiting in the anterooms. When the two governments finally went to the industry after their Sept. 1 all-governments agreement, the companies didn't like what they heard. The consortium, which had already spent \$300 million on Alsands, wanted price and royalty structures that gave them at least a 26-per-cent return on investment. American partners were most unhappy. They were ineligible for the grants that the Canadian companies received from the Petroleum Incentive Program.

Revised last year, Amoco Canada Petroleum Co. and Chevron Standard pulled out. Last week, cash-poor, Calgary-based Dene Petroleum and its subsidiary, Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas (HBOG), also defected. Twelve hours after a meeting Alsands were rocked by the withdrawal of Shell Exploration of Houston and its 26-per-cent equity share. Only Shell Canada with 26 per cent remained, along with government-



Lalonde not a straight economic decision

That combined with neoconservative company cash flows and brutal interest rates has conspired to make long-term projects far less alluring than they were.

Even as Nerva Beets and the federal government reached tentative agreement on offshore oil prices last week, experts worried about the effect of an oil glut and a miserable economic brew on second-generation mega-projects such as Hibernia, Bonanza and Arctic Slope. Project Analysts speculate that if the price of world oil continues to fall, the urgent need for further oil projects in general, and even Petro-Canada, with its heavy frontier exploration commitment, will slender.

Still, there are clearly other imperatives at work. If Alsands were a straight economic decision, I don't think it would get built—but, it's not," says Larry Pratt, Alberta's political scientist and author of *The Tar Sands*. "The key element in the sand asset and job benefits it can produce."

owned Petro-Canada and Gulf Canada Resources with 17 and eight per cent respectively.

A weary Joe Marlack, Alsands spokesman, says everyone has expected a shakeout that would leave a "big" in the Alsands fronting package. "But I'm not sure people expected it to be this big." The sudden rush for the doors by Dene, HBOG and Shell Explorer was an attempt to meet a "bright-point," a deadline after which sub-committed project sponsors would have to continue helping to pay the consortium's \$3-million-a-week carrying costs.

If the Alsands partners didn't like the government's figures last fall, they liked the view down the road even less. Like other big energy projects conceived during the era of supply scares and skyrocketing oil prices of the 1970s, Alsands is suffering from an enormous unexpected shift in the economics of energy pricing. Today's world oil glut has drastically altered price expectations.

Synoride is a expensive oil. ConocoPhillips profit projections drawn in the 1970s were based on expectations of \$30 to \$350 a barrel by 1989. If a continuing oil surplus depresses prices that lower to \$30, it would be disastrous for Alsands.



in the federal-provincial oil-pricing talks. They charge that during the negotiations the project's price skyrocketed, along with interest rates, from \$5 billion to \$2.5 billion. For its part, federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde considers Alsands vital both economically and psychologically, as a feathering banner of economic recovery.

Throughout the work, Lalonde steadily maintained that new private partners would be found, although the ranks of companies with enough cash to be significant are perilously thin. He of the oil companies claim that their profits have been slashed by the National Energy Program. Nova Corp. of Calgary is reportedly distressed by Alsands' long-term losses. Steve of Hamilton, a backbones of an Alsands start-up, is also demoralized.

Imperial Oil, faced with the same problem of attempting to guess whether its vast Cold Lake, Alberta, heavy-oil project will be viable in 1993, put its 140,000-bbl-a-day scheme on hold last July. If Alsands collapses, Imperial may have to take another look at Cold Lake. Given the time, a decision would not be easy. One industry insider commented that Imperial would have to determine if it is stepping into the vacuum or into the same pit.

Given the reluctance of private capital to come to the rescue, it now seems likely government will have to move. Last week Lalonde said government participation was something that Alberta and Ottawa would consider. "We don't have any particular restrictions about public and private participation," he said. Shell Canada Resources, the lead company in Alsands, is committed to going ahead with the project even if Gulf Canada Resources, which holds eight per cent, drops out.

What is being discussed in government circles is a possible deal under which Alberta might take 55 per cent of the project, Ottawa would do the same and Shell Canada would hold 25 per cent. The three possible partners would split up the remaining percentages or find private senior firms willing to come into the restructuring group. Ottawa's oil price would be secured through selling Petro-Canada, which already has 13 per cent, to its shareholders by right per cent.

While this solution is still only a possibility, it was viewed as significant that Lalonde recently drew a pointed comparison between the Alsands situation and the problems encountered putting together the troubled Synoride tar sands project. In that case, Ottawa, Alberta and Ontario were forced to bail out the project. In 1975, when Alberta Richardson quit for lack of funds.

Trying to play down the crisis atmosphere last week, Lalonde said the pro-

ject is not really essential to reach the goal of energy security by 1990. It is necessary to generate much-needed economic growth. Exactly how Lalonde and Nerva Beets, Alberta's energy minister, intend to proceed remains unclear. Their hardball pricing performance in the past—at the cost of losing half the consortium—appears to preclude any consideration of the company's return to more than 20 per cent. As a result, despite Lalonde's claim that "there is a limit to how much the taxpayers of Canada should be asked to pay for any project," it is apparent the government funding scenario is a remote.

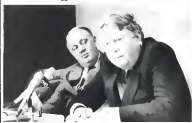
Pressures on governments, including Ottawa, which has thousands of jobs at stake, to come up with a bailout formula will be severe. And Canada will still need energy self-sufficiency, despite the

short-term oil glut. Alsands currently is a better building block toward that than offshore oil, despite still unproven technologies that led to cold-weather shut-downs at Synoride this winter. Both Dene and Shell Explorer have said they would return if the deal were brought back enough.

Nevertheless, the people of the snow-filled border town of Fort McMurray are at the heart of the tar sands have begun to feel some of the dry wind of economic uncertainty blowing on their resource in Windsor, Ont., Port Alberni, B.C., or Vancouver City, B.C. They know the oil located into the thick, gritty sand of the Alberta region north of them will remain that way for at least a little while yet.

With file from Peter Gorme in Edmonton.

## Something new over the Sun



Sun General Manager Donald Muir (left) and Knighton in an unlikely marriage

It was a May-and-December marriage. The bride was the equity Toronto Sun tabloid, described by founder of the Toronto Telegram, which folded in 1975. The groom was Maclean-Harper Limited, 35 years old, an unlikely couple, but the profile father of radio and cable TV outlets and 100 magazines, including Maclean's. The details of the ceremony, a treasury-sharer exchange, were highly complicated, but the bottom line at the altar was that Muir had lost \$54 million to buy the bride and take her home.

An unlikely marriage is journalistic terms, financially it was a coupling of convenience. The Sun seems set to make huge holdings (20 per cent at year's end \$300 million), the better to expand opera-

tions in Canada and the U.S. (Washington issues 800,000 in the first year, in the short term, prep up flagging Sun subsidiaries in Calgary and Edmonton).

It also enables Sun Publisher Douglas Knighton and Editor-in-Chief Peter Washington to estimate the largest possible amount of cash from their shares in Toronto Sun Publishing Corp. without handing them over to the market. Knighton's holdings are worth something like \$11 million, Washington's \$1.1 million. For his, the deal means instant "reputation" as a shareholder newspaper success, its first daily paper.

However, the deal could still be complicated by retroactive legislation that might be contemplated as a result of the Kent commission report on media concentration.



# Bankers are people, too

By Roderick McQueen

**B**ank is a previous incarnation, when it was good and free and used to wear three-piece suits, bank pots paid my salary. Former lives established, there is potential nonsense in the view that these hellfire profits are somehow like ingredients for the oil-eat elemental warlords but they were bankers and a lethal nerve gas results. On one side of the battle is a plump of critics, from politicians through the mainstream all the way through to the

lifel young woman or a banker's, he surprised his doctor by choosing the banker's Explained. Banker. The choice was obvious, the banker's heart would undoubtedly be in better shape because it hadn't been used very much."

The bankers became the bad boys of the Western World by taking the place of the Seven Sisters. Bankers then they supposedly had takenhold of oil just over the horizon, sweating over higher prices. That, coupled with the Barford report alleging \$12 billion in overcharging by the oil companies, set

head of a pin. And probably do.

Granted, the tale does have some relevance: that the breakfast about Crive's departure from Prime's Commission, but there are two other matters that merit closer scrutiny. First, last rates. Take the Toronto Dominion Bank, for example. In 1978, its profits of \$184 million, to paid \$45 million in taxes. In 1979, profit rose to \$185 million, but taxes fell to \$20 million. In 1980, profit hit \$200 million and taxes bottomed at \$18 million. Last year, as taxes struggled back to 1978 levels, profits were two-thirds higher at \$286 million. That's Ottawa's fault.

The second issue is debt—and not international loans to Poland. That money gets repaid, as was the \$125 million owed by an Iran apart by revolution. The real concern is coming with debt service loans. Fear of the five big banks may shade something else in addition to low taxes and huge profits: the same target borrower—them. Foreigners. Scolding Jack Gallagher's dream child in the Barford report says maybe \$5 billion to Canadian banks. It probably means the Conservative (which has already taken a \$300-million loss on Money-Singapore) \$2.5

off a parade of parliamentary demands, a series of bank-bank newspaper ads and a group of television spots featuring a cup in a mortar and being blown around a drilling rig in the Arctic. When the Barford drilling results came out last fall, he had the better pipes, but none of that in a moment.

As that farror faded, the public moved on to the banks, the next target in the shooting gallery that passes for today's society. The banks argued that profits were up because of higher volume and said that if profits were eliminated loan rates would drop by only one per cent.

And who will settle the debate? Why those same politicians who made bank-banking a national anthem. A parliamentary investigation is likely to begin this week, the results of which are as reassuring that the bankers have been playing for it too. Trouble is, the number of politicians who understand the Bank Act and banking itself could dance on the



## LIVING

# Revamping the Checker



Big enough for the Boeckman family

**N**ick Boeckman was stopped at a red light in his early-blue Checker Marathon when a passing businessman pointed out his front fender. The man looked an approving grin, gave Boeckman a vigorous thumbs-up sign and started away. When Boeckman bought the lucky 1980 Checker to accommodate his wife, four children, nanny and family dog, he didn't anticipate such glowing approval. Despite the car's reputation as a commercial tax, well-heeled Canadians are choosing it as an all-purpose family sedan. While rating high on practicality (the 26-gauge steel body provides 10-whole protection and its roomy interior can fit nine adults comfortably), the Checker has also earned status marks from commuters watching Phil Edmonstone. Notes Edmonstone in the 1980 edition of his new guide, *Leisuremat* ["Checkers] are being used by the Jaguar and Mercedes-Benz crowd as everyday 'sleazebag' vehicles."

Until four years ago Canadian had to register results, largely to Checker's surprise. But the emergence in 1978 of Canada's first and only dealership, Toronto-based Ontario Checker Sales Ltd., opened the door for Checker fever and last year sales totalled nearly \$2 million. At \$13,990, the standard A-11 (the basic taxi model) is in greatest demand. A fully equipped sedan could fetch upward of \$22,000.

Reuben Devine, president of the Toronto franchise, barely points out that leased production ensures strong resale value. But owners stress more orthodox advantages. Knudie Yates, a Toronto accountant, says her Marathon will transport six golf clubs as well as

her passengers. For Boeckman, a free-base fashion photographer, the back seat doubles as a wardrobe changeover for his models. Like many, his is a luxury vehicle, complete with cushioned seats pulled from an Oldsmobile and a 8000 Marquette sound system. "All state needs now is a Jaguar's beret"

welsh dashboard." Boeckman jokes. The car's lavishness proportions pose parking and maneuvering problems. While the V-6 engine can provide good city mileage, some owners warn that the 1,700-lb Checker should be equipped with the V-8 for best performance. But if there is any truth in Canada's reverence for these open-top vehicles, Toronto criminal lawyer Keith Greenbaum would be the first to admit it. Laughing Greenbaum about his silver-onyx Marathon: "Its appearance feels everybody. People think I'm driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley." —DAVID HAYES

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## FILMS

### Preoccupied with looks

TRAGEDY OF A RIDICULOUS MAN  
Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci

Bernardo Bertolucci (*The Conformist*, *Last Tango in Paris*, 1980) has a quietly classic genius still evident in *Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man*. He is a silent, open yet, no other director's masterpieces with such an innocent, almost elegance, few are as attuned to the rich contrasts of color within a film frame. Although *Ridiculous Man* is filled with tensions and tensions, Bertolucci nonetheless manages some stunning effects: a red blind touches off an enhancement like a nervous ray taking a spill, a green lantern in a dense factory goes off an eerie, hypoxic glow amidst industrial control, and a candlelit set against the night's deep blue is a worthy reminder of van Gogh.

But all dressed up, this movie has nowhere to go. The deliberately deflated plot involves a wealthy factory owner, Primo (Elio Tognazzi), whose 20-year-old son, from whom he is alienated, has been kidnapped and held for ransom. Primo's wife (Annie Anhalt),

Elio Tognazzi elegantly dressed up for his role in the film ends up going nowhere



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before bed.  
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Jill Clayburgh  
**"I'm dancing  
as fast as I can"**

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**Macleane's**

much closer to their son and desperate to get him back, starts taking a inventory of their holdings to pay the hefty ransom. What happens thereafter is wide open to interpretation: either the son has been taken by terrorists, or else is an idiot with two friends to blame for his father. One minute he's supposed to be dead, the next minute he's reported alive. The origins behind his disappearance is never revealed, but we have ceased to care long before the film's close.

Wherever *Mien* is the kind of movie where a woman writing a letter will take off her sweater, show her breasts to the man next to her, and then continue with the letter. Something is certainly going on, but what? Berioles's obscenity—the relationship between parents and child, sexuality, the Italian landscape, socialism and more—all come to a head here to produce nothing more than psychological twaddle. Tapscott and Aroco, two sterling actors in better surroundings, look pinned beyond the call of duty.

Berioles is an artist whose talent is primarily emotional, instinctual and, of course, visual. *Property of a Rich Man* is a joy to watch and extremely dense to have to listen to. For all we know, Berioles may some day decide to film the telephone book. It will be absolutely sensational to behold and not miss a damn thing.

—L.A. RICHIE O'TOOLE

## Brief encounters

**ONE FROM THE HEART** Frances Coppola's high-tech love story. The boy-teen-girl pre-teen plot is filmed as though it were *Run River*. Truly impressive, even though there's hardly a thought in its extraordinarily pretty head.

**SHOOT THE WOOD** Preteens but often affecting discretion of a marriage going to the dogs. Diane Keaton and Albert Finney go at each other tooth-and-claw, at the same time dispensing tea and sympathy.

**WISDOM** A fast-paced political thriller from Costa-Gavras, the man who made *X* about American involvement in Latin America. Sharp Spanish and Jack Lemmon are just fine as the father and the wife of a man who has disappeared during the Chilean coup.

**THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND** A funny and often shocking story about boys in an Australian monastery and the repressed brothers who teach them the ritual of religious discipline. Writer-director Fred Schepisi has probably made the best film yet about growing up Roman Catholic.

—L.O.T.

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Maximum Screen	2.4	2.4	2.9	2.2	3.3	3.3
Reliability/Service	3.2	3.3	3.0	3.1	3.3	3.2
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## FOR THE RECORD

### Passion and propaganda



THE UNKNOWN KURT WEILL  
Teresa Stratas (soprano), Richard  
Wohlert (piano)  
(Newnack/WEA)

Kurt Weill, one of the master artists of this century as well as one of its supreme misologists, has found a vocal interpreter in Canadian-born Teresa Stratas. Her auditioning for the role came in 1973 when Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya, heard her sing his *Schlagan* in New York and immediately offered her various "unknown" songs by her husband, including the 14 forgotten or unpublished ones recorded here.

No wonder Lenya was impressed. Stratas brings a feline intelligence and an amazing sense of theatre to the frequently sardonic lyrics and their calculated (savage) settings. Her slinky kalidassian voice can turn a minor tale to a revealing, one moment she waltzes a cruel melody into a seductive beauty or a shy protest or fuge accompaniment, the next she spins voices with feral intensity. No lullabies or waltzes of emotion seems beyond her. Sarcastic detail of hurt ebbs into loneliness, bitterness, world-weary mingling with childlike dreaming. The strident political songs—anti-capitalist in the Berlin years, anti-Hitler in the war years Weill spent in New York—difficult from her a perfect amalgam of song and protest.

These propaganda songs occasionally fall short of the psychological ones, but they also include two of the best discovered on the disc. *Petroleum Song* (1935) and *More Much Longer!* (1944), the song of Germany as a betrayed lover. The entire record is alive and surreal at the same time, the combination is electrifying. —JOHN PEARCE

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Quebec Winter Canada 1984

by C. Krieghoff

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## TECHNOLOGY

# Extra lining for the low-energy nest

By John Barber

No possibilities of design distinguish the house that Toronto engineer Greg Allen built in the village of Basile, Ont., N.W.T., from its neighbors. No expensive solar glasses protrude from the roof, no mysterious black boxes stick away in the eaves. Yet instead of 60 l/s of fuel per day—the norm for an average winter—it consumes four. Operating without a furnace, only a tiny space heater, it remains almost unnoticeably warm on the coldest days of the year. Last year, the cost of heating this snug house was one-fifth that of a modest bungalow in halcyon Toronto.

Although this house was an experiment, there is nothing experimental about the technology that makes it work. Handsets like it are being built throughout the country—not exotic prototypes but ordinary suburban houses typical in all respects but one: they heat for an little at \$30 per year. In a remarkably short time, the formula that accounts for these dramatic savings has quietly turned the world of domestic energy conservation on its head. Elegant in its simplicity, the technique consists of two basic elements. The first is a high level of insulation, large wall cavities in these "super-insulated houses" accommodate far greater amounts of insulation (measured in R-units, 18 cm of fiberglass batts in a conventional wall yields an insulation value of R 12, while the triple layers of super-insulated houses can provide R 60). Second, absolute airtightness keeps the outside chill from entering the house.

First pioneered at the Saskatchewan Conservation House (SCH), a provincial demonstration project, the combined technique was initially adopted by local private builders. This year 10 per cent of all houses built in the province will be certified as "low-energy" dwellings—both airtight and super-insulated. Unlike the inflated, and often overpriced, custom-made solar trend, super-insulation is ideal for commercial exploitation. Indeed, mass production is the watchword as small builders across the country design entire super-insu-

lated subdivisions to meet consumer demand while cashing in on government incentives for energy-efficient housing stock.

The formula succeeds because it relies so little on advanced technology. To achieve airtightness, builders need only use high-quality hardware—triple-glazed windows, air lock entrances and sealing devices for the polystyrene slabs of exterior walling—commonly found in all new housing. Deeper wall measures halve the extra \$1,500 to \$2,000

average annual heating cost for a Saskatchewan house (costs \$1,500). According to Keith Hansen of Victory Homes, who built 50 low-energy houses in Saskatoon last year, some of his clients quibbled about having to pay extra for super-insulation features. "The simple fact," says Hansen, "is that for a minuscule increase in the price of a new home, you can reduce space heating costs by at least 75 per cent."

Between August and mid-January, Don and Gloria Grainger of Preston, Ont., shelled out a grand total of \$11.68 to heat their new "double-wall" airtight house, the first of its kind in a rural Ontario development. "We challenged our house to operate on a zero-energy level, but we've had to look in the backstop heater a couple of times," says Don Grainger. The double wall is the most sophisticated of the Saskatchewan-style houses, theoretically, human bodies and appliances can warm a super-insulated double-wall house to a comfortable level. "We wouldn't have been shocked if our heating bill came to \$100 this year," says Don Grainger, "but it looks like it won't even be a third of that." But the houses' energy demands are not being lifted by economic advantages alone. From the coldest cranny to the hottest loft, the temperature in an airtight, super-insulated house rarely varies more than 2°.

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superinsulation that airtight houses are built with. In the absence of ventilation, toxic gases within a house—formaldehyde, nitrous oxides, even radon—can easily build to dangerous levels. Barriers of airtight houses combat the problem with air-to-air heat exchangers, which supply fresh ventilation equivalent to those of conventional, leaky houses. For about \$3,000 these devices transfer heat from stale air to fresh incoming air, which moves through conventional ductwork. These airtight houses ventilate with little heat loss.

House-builders no longer use such efforts as "alternative" with the advent of energy-efficient subdivisions that guarantee annual heat savings. Most of Enbridge's Regina houses, for example, sell for \$60,000 to \$80,000 and promise to heat for less than \$150 a year. (The

work of insulation. The simplicity in turn keeps construction costs relatively low. "The total extra cost of building a low-energy house is about six per cent," estimates Leif Lund, president of Enbridge Consultants Ltd., a Regina firm that has built low-energy houses across the country. "It's not a big deal."

House-builders no longer use such efforts as "alternative" with the advent of energy-efficient subdivisions that guarantee annual heat savings. Most of Enbridge's Regina houses, for example, sell for \$60,000 to \$80,000 and promise to heat for less than \$150 a year. (The



**Solutions:** super-insulated technology in a conventional suburban home

The ascendancy of airtight super-insulation technology may spell the death of active solar solutions. Expensive and quirky hardware (solar panels, collectors and absorbers) can accomplish little without an airtight building. In the case of the Saskatchewan Conservation House, recalls Harold Orr, "the solar installation cost \$30,000, dismounting boiler and main waterline costs, and delivered the equivalent of \$65 to \$80 in electrical heating a year. It still would have been a waste of money at twice the price."

Passive solar heating, on the other hand, has merged with the new technology in highly successful hybrid houses. The often window-scarce airtight structures still need heating—readily supplied by passive's south-facing glass. "The greater the window space, however, the greater the need for sophisticated systems to control overheating and extreme temperature swings. According to airtight purists such as Harold Orr, dramatic solar gardens on airtight houses suffice to function to remarkable appeal. "A 100-per-cent passive-solar heated house [could] cost \$130,000 minimum," he maintains. "Sure it will look ugly, but it won't make sense economically."

The recent failure of an ambitious low-energy subdivision plan for Strittville, Ont., bears out Orr's argument. Amec Development has planned for 420 energy-efficient houses in its Ashbrooke Village project near Ottawa. Partially subsidised by



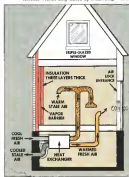
**Active-solar device on a low-energy house, a sexy but dying technology**

the provincial ministry of energy, local builders were commissioned to build 18 models. Of the 13 that eventually went up last June, most were "passive hybrid" designs, solar-heretic and super-insulated, a few were built in the strict Saskatchewan style, and one featured active-solar heating. Only two so far have been sold, neither of them solar. The builder of the active-solar house has gone bankrupt. "People are just not willing to pay for five more sophisticated solar systems [an extra \$8,000 to \$18,000]," says Proben van Balow, Amec vice-president.

The tribal unpopularity of the Amec scheme will be duly noted by a building

trade that remains sceptical of low-energy housing's mass appeal. Even the Saskatchewan-style houses, although neither expensive nor beyond the technical capacity of the average builder, are not easy to mass-produce. Success in building them requires experience and knowledge that is not yet widely dispersed. In an effort to bridge this "information gap," the Housing and Urban Development Association of Canada this year will oversee the construction of 380 low-energy houses across the country, with funds supplied by the federal department of energy, mines and resources. Individual builders have been invited to submit their own designs, and project director Joseph Lutzbarak expects a variety of approaches. "These techniques are all based on common sense and the laws of physics," he says, "but it's difficult to get the message out when for years no thoughts at all was put into energy conservation."

For builders and buyers alike, the most compelling incentive for conservation is spiralling energy costs. As low-energy housing becomes more accessible, no contractor will want to continue erecting thermal shells "right now we're just smashing the surface," says Lutzbarak. "We're just putting engines in buggies and calling them cars. We're still waiting for the shock absorbers and rubber tires that not for long—the technology will virtually explode in the next few years." ☐



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# To smooth the waters of stormy divorces

By Kathleen McDonnell

**D**ivorce, as any family lawyer will testify, is a very messy business. And with nearly one in three Canadian marriages ending in divorce, prolonged and bitter court battles don't seem to be abating. Even the majority of out-of-court settlements involve protracted and costly negotiation. Now, a growing number of experts are convinced that a new breed of mediator, specially trained to intervene in divorce disputes before they reach the courts, can make the process more amicable. Moreover, widespread use of mediation could save Canadians more than \$11 million annually in legal fees and court costs, according to Howard Irving, author of *Divorce Mediation: The Rational Alternative*. Court-based mediation projects are currently running in Edmonton, Vancouver, Toronto and some smaller centres such as Kingston, Ont., while private mediators, Irving

among them, are setting up practices in major cities. And a proposed Ontario bill, the Children's Law Reform Amendment Act—the first in Canada to endorse the concept of mediation—will, if passed, encourage its use.

Advocates of mediation argue that the present divorce system creates and exacerbates ill feeling between couples, leaving, according to Toronto family lawyer Philip Epstein, "scars that never heal." Early on in the process, husbands and wives stop communicating except through their lawyers, exchanging charges and countercharges in an attempt to prove who is at fault and who gets what. The tragedy, says Irving, is that "people who start out reasonable, end up unreasonable."

More often than not, the whole exercise culminates in a fierce battle over child custody and visitation rights. Judge Marjorie Bowler, who established Canada's first court-based mediation service in Edmonton nearly 10



Irving: de-escalating bad feelings

years ago, argues that safeguarding the rights of the children of divorce is one of the most compelling reasons for mediation. "The adversarial system by its nature puts children's interests secondary to their parents' wishes," she says.

In an effort to make divorces more humane, the mediators draw on their background and training in psychology, social work and counselling. While they are mainly called in to help settle child custody and access disputes, they provide over money and property issues as well. The mediator can step in at any



Bowler: mediation for children's sake

point in the process, even after the divorce is final. Often the parties have a series of face-to-face meetings without their lawyers. Sometimes the mediator will decide to meet with the children or other family members. The aim is to get the couple to work out their own agreement, which becomes part of the divorce decree and is legally binding. In all this the mediator acts as a kind of facilitator, a neutral third party.

A recent study of Toronto's Family Court Conciliatory Project found that 32 per cent of couples referred for mediation were able to reach an agreement. In a one-year follow-up of selected couples, 80 per cent had adhered to their agreement and had not returned to court action for changes or enforcement of maintenance payments, for example. Although these figures are based on a selected sample of couples who appeared likely to benefit from mediation and had the willingness to try it, the process appears to be helpful even in some of the harshest and most heated situations. Vancouver family lawyer Nancy Morrison says of the province's "barily advocates" (lawyers who often function as mediators in custody disputes) "They almost work magic. They help de-escalate some of the bad feelings." A Toronto life insurance agent, Kenneth Benko, praises the mediator he resorted to after access to his children. Though it didn't prevent them from going back to court over the issue, the mediation was "inexpensively valuable," Benko says, particularly for the children. "They trusted that everything that was said remained confidential and they really opened up to him [the mediator]."

Initially skeptical of mediation, most members of the legal profession have come around. Epstein is so committed to it that he makes agreement to mediate a precondition of all new clients. Not all lawyers are so enthusiastic. Despite Irving's assertion that "only a

very small percentage of couples are not suitable for mediation," Toronto family lawyer Ellen Murray says that she rarely refers her clients. And many would disagree with Vancouver mediator Bernard Vargo's recommendation that couples approach a mediator even before seeing a lawyer.

But before mediation can reduce the sting of divorce, it needs more than a nod of approval from a few lawyers. Notes Bowler, "Divorce mediators will never be totally effective until it has been incorporated in legislation." Although the Ontario bill, which is due for

a third reading this spring, takes a step in that direction, Bowler stresses that mediation must be enshrined in the federal Divorce Act in order to become part of the procedure. But the lack of legal backing does not seem to stave the growth of mediation. Irving, together with other lawyers and social workers, is in the process of establishing the Ontario Association of Family Mediators, which will set standards and refer potential clients. The demand seems to be creating its own impetus.

(With photos from Pat Giblin/CF)



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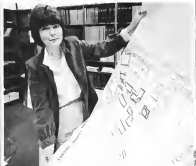
# Toward the perfect crimeless town

By Eleanor Wachtel

It's the transition from copiers to community that's always tough in the Canadian bush. Remote resource towns typically have a notoriously high crime rate: drinking, violent offences and crimes against property. So when the British Columbia government decided to create Tumbler Ridge, a remote town which will ultimately house 6,000 employees of the northeast coal development—located in the most mature, providential development project since the building of the CNA—planners were hard-pressed to find admirable models. "We looked at other communities and saw what we didn't like," explains Pat Walsh, commissioner of Tumbler Ridge. Is the town even in the mountains 96 km southwest of Dawson Creek, what Walsh and his staff are trying to design out of their social and physical blueprints is crime.

Crime Prevention Through Environmental Design (CPTED) is the present fashion in police circles, and CPTD preventive crime officers are among the first to use it. "Tumbler Ridge is like a laboratory experiment," says Brian Snellett, Jack Hiest, "It's unique in the world because from day one it's had the concepts implemented." When the town is finished this fall, about 1,000 residents will move into one of the best-planned towns in North America.

CPTED is not a new idea. In 18th-century England, the Statute of Winchester mandated that all landowners clear trees for 40 m on either side of their road so that highwaymen couldn't lurk in the undergrowth. Similarly, street lamps were introduced in pre-Victorian



Brattingham: debunking common assumptions about where crime actually occurs

times specifically to reduce lawlessness. But not until a decade ago did New York University architect-planner Oscar Newman and criminologist C. Ray Jeffery revive the concept, which is only now catching on in Canada. Concerned with whittling away at the bulk of petty crimes against property—most of which are committed by youths idly engaged in vandalism and theft—crime bosses at the relationship between the built environment and the opportuni-

ties it creates for crime.

According to Patricia Brattingham, a Simon Fraser University sociologist specializing in CPTED in B.C., crimes are committed in what crime experts call glass-palisade areas, low windows, networks of back lanes, combined with the residents' desire for privacy and a sanctuary, create the perfect open, indifferent environment for delinquency. "These smaller crimes are less," notes Brattingham. "If we could discourage or redirect them, we could eliminate most of the minor offences."

CPTED relies on natural surveillance—people noticing their neighbors and spotting intruders. This debunks several common assumptions about where breaking and entering or vandalism occurs—not in rich neighborhoods, out in dark, rear apartments. Most thefts happen along popular travel routes where strangers are commonplace. Crime begins almost at home: 90 per cent of it takes place along the path from home to work or school, so busy major roads, not secluded alleyways backyards, are higher targets. Residential crime drops on cul-de-sacs because there are fewer passers-by than on a grid road, and strangers stand out where houses face each other at odd angles. "It's based on the principle of

how far you feel implicitly," says Tumbler Ridge architect-planner Richard Rabot.

In Tumbler Ridge's planned commercial core, the stores have large, open windows. Instead of running straight, the main street meanders and the shops are sited so that people's attention is directed and focused to side, as well as front, windows. The hotel with its pools off the main street at the edge of downtown rather than in the centre to direct roads away from the temptations of breakable store windows. The parking lot opens onto a main road that passes the 10th station en route to the residential area. Schools and the recreation centre are clustered together at one end of town to keep kids away from stores and houses. Even the suggested video centre hangout is located at the end of the commercial strip closer to the school rather than in the town centre.

The soaring costs of crime provide explanation of new mechanisms for control. B.C.'s particular responsiveness to CPTED stems from higher crime rates in the West. Because of a 1980 sentence in Victoria for thefts of police and after detachment funds, CPTED has become a grassroots phenomenon at the municipal level. Crime prevention co-ordinators sit on local design panels in half a dozen municipalities and review plans at a site level. "It's fantastically new for police to be invited to participate in planning," says Const. Stan Elm, a member of the Maple Ridge Technical Development Committee. "I look at all existing applications with a view to what problems may occur. Then we try to counteract them through architectural design, landscaping and site location." For example, the sickly glow of low-current sodium lighting in public areas keeps on delinquents. "It's good for industrial tunnels and certainly for minor streets," he says, "because it makes people uncomfortable to stay there." Const. Elm, a CPTED enthusiast, lives on a cul-de-sac and he says he wouldn't "consider any other kind of situation. It has the highest monitoring, social interaction and excellent security"—the closest approximation of the neighborhood of his former home town, Harris, Alta.

Despite the promise of CPTED, Brattingham acknowledges its limitations. "As long as we want openness, accessibility and privacy in residences, we won't eliminate property crime." In trying to influence where people move, walk and park, CPTED, then, becomes yet another behavioral agent. "It's a subtle form of social control," says Brattingham. But Walsh, Tumbler Ridge's mayor and council all in one, optimistically puts the onus on the citizenry. "It's the people who live there who will make it a good or bad place." ☐

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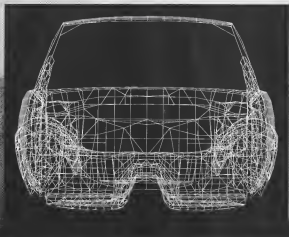
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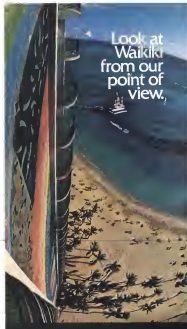
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## BEHAVIOR

# Planetphobia

**I**t has struck every planetarian in the country. Since the turn of the new year, planetarian stuff has been played by phone calls from people who want to know whether the apocalyptic really will occur on March 10. Indeed, not since the Comet Kohoutek has an astronomical phenomenon launched such widespread fear.

At issue is a planetary configuration that hasn't occurred since 949 A.D. during March an orbital coincidence will arrange all nine of the solar system's planets within a 35-degree span on one side of the sun. The possible effects on Earth of this alignment were predicted in 1974 by astrophysicist John Gribbin and Stephen Plagemann in their book *The Jupiter Effect*. The authors proposed that the combined gravitational effects of the planets could cause the sun to spew fiery waves of energized particles, slightly altering the Earth's rotation rate and causing earthquakes, tidal waves and volcanic activity.

The theory has stirred nothing but ruckus from the scientific community. But fringe societies gleaning up on the esoteric and religious implications of the event have perpetuated the disaster rumors. Planetarian staff have tried their utmost to focus to ward two times over. One, a fire-and-brimstone sermon, is widely circulated by Evangelical Tract Distributors of Edmondville. The other, appearing in a number of supermarket tabloids, is a herald of the 1990 Rapture, urging readers to seek help from "friendly space people" during the "holocaust." Both show maverick diagnoses with the planets positioned in a perfectly straight line.

To help defuse the misconceptions, planetarians across Canada have prepared special shows explaining that Gribbin's prediction of excessive solar activity was based on weak statistics and that no disruptions will occur on Earth. In Vancouver, where the rumors and phobias are most widespread, H.R. MacMillan Planetarium (which reopens up in a dozen inquiries a day) is presenting a segment of "Cosmic Collapse" debunking the Jupiter Effect. At the Montreal Planetarium in Westport, Ron Waldman has prepared a poster to show "what's really happening."

But perhaps the most convincing factor is Gribbin himself. In 1980 he actually received \$200,000. There is no reason now to expect any unusual solar disturbances from the event given in *The Jupiter Effect*. The prediction of the apocalyptic coming in 1982 has been disproven. —TERENCE DICKSON

## THEATRE

# The blinding lights of Broadway

By Mark Chernicki

**B**roadway may well be the last bastion of live entertainment in North America. Faced with possible extinction a decade ago, it went big business in the '70s just as serious live audiences were waned. Times Square was cleaned up and higher ticket prices were justified by persuading the public that shows were more desirable than ever. Now, with the average cost of mounting a musical at \$1 million and the strong possibility that unfavorable reviews might close a play after opening night, producing a show has become a risky venture-capital investment. Big hits do yield big returns. A *Chicago* fan has netted more than \$22 million on Broadway alone and *Evita* has pulled in more than \$60 million worldwide—but *Evita* was when producers talk about a "property," the script takes a back seat to the talent check. The new craze on Broadway is, therefore, not financial. In question now is whether the offhand consensus of the media arts-business hybrid will weather every critique.

The glum of Broadway has always resulted in a characteristically American justice: For combined artistic and commercial success, epitomized by the hit musical *The Mirror*, the latest champion is *Overboard*, a scintillating high-tech satire on the post-nuclear nuclear war. The "backstage" musical—a show about putting on a show and making it. The story follows a Motown group (modeled on the Supremes) from obscurity to glory to dissolution. Their manager, an ex-Cadillac salesman, says it all: "The American concept of success but is one three-letter word—big." Even though payola is its downfall, the point is taken and au-



LaBelle Mackay, Mary Beth Hurt, and Mike Simon in "Grease" (above). Walkley, Sheryl Lee Ralph, Loretta Devine in "Overboard" doing it big



dience paying up to \$40 a seat can certainly relate to it.

*Overboard* gets the term underpinning new worlds of meaning. The extra-ordinary kicker is that the group, one aptly named the Doves, is not just struggling but female, black and, in one instance, heavily and fat. Blatantly stupid, Jennifer Holliday has been typecast in the role of 1950s and the plot hinges on her expertise because she spoils the group's glamorous look. Holliday cannot act, but she does have a magnificent blues voice; her soul-ras-

ing falsetto to the group leaves the audience gasping. When the Doves erupts and Holliday emerges victorious as a solo artist who remains true to her gospel, she is cheered not just for her singing but for her black identity while still imitating the American Dream.

The show is far from perfect. The music and lyrics are serviceable at best, but the stunning interplay of high-tech production, gaudy props, *Overboard* far exceeds the ordinary. Meticulously controlled by computers, huge mobile lighting booms and towers present a montage, creating a series of metaphorical effects with a dazzling array of dramatic techniques. "The size is the beauty," says *Overboard*'s manager, Michael Bennett, and a growing sense of theatrical optimism for him and other Broadway directors is felt.

Classical language translated for the theater is only part of Hollywood's massive influence on Broadway. Creative stars and myths to match his. Always have a prime function of Broadway, as if in a 1000th century, is the first thing that black men do in which the success of American culture is distilled. But Broadway's inherent star syndrome is back, turning into an epidemic. Stars born on Broadway are now finding back from film, either disillusioned or simply eager to regain contact with live audiences. Stars wear multiple tenuous risk, producers are willing to pay more, and if a show is a hit there's a percentage of the gross to be had in wait. The preferred play is a star vehicle, one that displays the star to best effect and does not distract the audience with plot, characterization or serious intent.

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James and Plummer: 'Othello' glorified

Lauren Bacall as 'Woman of the Year,' Faye Dunaway in 'The Curse of the Achting Heart' and Katharine Hepburn in 'West Side Walks' are deserving guests.

An Elizabeth Taylor appearance last season in Lillian Hellman's 'The Little Foxes' sadly demonstrated, few works can stand up to the abuse imposed by star treatment. Even classics sometimes collapse under the strain. After creating Hamlet in his own dyspeptic image 15 years ago on Broadway, Nicol Williamson has returned with an equally eccentric and unanimously condemned version of Michael James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer fare much better with Othello. Plummer's Iago is something of a half-Jacobite, semi-evil, half-chalant, fool, this dervish whirl around the impulsive mountain of Jones's Othello spewing venom and battery. His outpouring of words strips Othello's gift of speech, in effect robbing out his tongue long before the flower nearly dries it off himself as an epileptic fit. Although Plummer's strutting and flailing at times appears histrionic, by the end his performance stands revealed as an arch-magnificent, frenzied dance of death.

Othello is challenged and glorified by a goading star turn such as Plummer's Iago. However, recently constructed star vehicles often dispense with the rest of the play altogether, and the rest of one-man shows reflects the joint demands of the star approach and economic acronyms. This most satisfying if not earthshaking dramatic experience on Broadway is the transmuting two-man show *Men Against the Sea* with Bill C. Davis about an overly principled, somewhat (Michael O'Keefe) who forces an overly intelligent person (Halle O'Shea) to honestly confront an ethical dilemma for the first time in his life, versus a delicate counterpoint of mutual respect, antagonism and love which each is in its own right. In more agonistic hands, these juicy miles might have presented almost war. But O'Shea and O'Keefe reinforce each other, carefully reconstructing a whole far greater than the sum of its parts.

Without such tender ensemble playing, *Men Against the Sea* might only be a hot dramatic property squandered in by stars. Ed Graczyk's *Come Back to the 5* at *Three Arrows* from *Arrows* Dancer is just this, an inventive, quirky script on a movie theme larded with Hollywood personnel, including director Robert Altman and actresses Sandy Dennis, Cher and Karen Black. A small-town Texas chapter of the *Arrows* Dancer fan club holds a reunion 30 years after his death at which the women replay old loves and hates and reveal new secrets. *Arrows* has done little to prevent this nostalgic pop resurrection from appearing and touring on stage. The three stars could be acting in three different plays, and only Cher with her striking presence and brassy vulgarity looks to fit she belongs in this one.

Graczyk's play is badly served in this production and it may pass into undeserved oblivion. But both *Men Against the Sea* and *Arrows* Dancer, a smaller size of southern gothic comedy, is in no danger of obscurity. *Crimes* is basic fluff rendered pleasant by giddy antics such as a woman shooting her husband because she "just didn't like the sound of his voice," then making herself a jax of housewife before ending as an ambulance. Like other recent Pulitzer Prize-winners, *A Chorus Line* and *Talley's Folly*, *Crimes* is winsome, shallow and studded with carefully set-up emotional punches. Audiences see more in *Crimes*.

Dennis, Cher and Mark Patton in 'Jenny Gear,' not properly acquitted in by stars



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that is actually them, Broadway's increasing conservative bias has limited opportunities to the past where sentimentality is readily mistaken for true feeling. Even though *Cosmo's* three leading ladies were not stars to begin with, convincingly favorable critical response and evenly expertised audience reviews are adding to their roles into star numbers. For all its ostensible toughness, the play's gossamer fabric is tearing under this added weight.

*Cosmo's* January Debut and *Mean Appeal* are about as profound as new drama gets on Broadway. High seriousness is not in great demand, and here are the days when *Hellman*, *Arthur Miller* and Tennessee Williams were standard fare. Broadway's reluctance to dig deep was summed up recently by Edward Albee, one of the few important American playwrights who still bothers with it. "When you're paying \$40 a seat, you don't want to see your basic assumptions challenged." A test case of whether Broadway can still accept the best of contemporary playwrighting may soon come with John Guare's *Lady Divine*, currently playing off-Broadway. A previous work, *Passion and Noise*, starring Kevin Kline, flopped on Broadway despite favorable reviews. *Lady* has been fingered as Broadway material on the basis of the actress scoring Guare's screenplay for Lucie Arnott's *Atlantic City*, a name star cast (Ben Cross, Robert Loggia and Robert Morosini) and Malle as director.

But the play is so good it may never succeed on Broadway. Set in Newmarket, Mass., immediately before William Franklin Howard's invasion of the Spanish-American war, the play explores historical incidents in a modern idiom that also evokes current concerns. Guare's double vision is funny and nostalgic yet tinged with a poignant realism, and in the play's limited passages he forges a poetic language worthy of Eugene O'Neill. The play's only flaw is that it is as brief as short.

With the week, John Guare steps into the front rank of American playwrights. Although he has not yet made it on Broadway, he could probably survive quite happily without it. And the way Broadway is heading, he may have no choice. The chances are, drama that is moving and addresses human truths has trouble finding room on stages awash with commercial entertainment. Traditionally thought of as the apex of mainstream American theatre, Broadway has in fact entered the dollar so fervently that it has become a rare boutique fever, *Jesus-fod* a dist of hype, high tech and stardom. If Broadway does not accept the likes of John Guare, serious writers will carry on elsewhere, leaving Broadway to its own seductive, narcissistic devices.

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by Bruce Aldrin  
(McClelland, \$19.95)

In the depths of winter—a winter that has lasted for three years—a boy and his father have games at the mountain wilderness. After their man has been captured by a seventy species, his son survives a series of ordeals (hunger, exposure, betrayal, battle) before entering a glorious city that flourishes by death and under a mountain. He becomes a priest, initiated into some of the sacred mysteries. Yet he longs far enough out of the oppressive darkness, no matter how good the conditions in the world of light. Only 50 pages into *Helliconia Spring*, the novel already has the force of myth. Had Bruce Aldrin been able to sustain his tale at this level of imagination, he would have written a contemporary classic.

It is still possible that he has done so, for *Helliconia Spring* is but the first of an epic trilogy about life and death on the planet of Helliconia. To judge his achievement on the first book alone might prove no more useful than to judge J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* on the basis of *The Fellowship of the Ring*. Aldrin is England's best-known and most prolific writer of good science fiction (this is his 21st book in 25 years), and *Helliconia Spring* is his most ambitious venture yet, a novel that establishes an entire solar system, whose geology, macrobiology, climatology and astronomy all play central roles in the fiction. Aldrin was helped by some of Britain's leading scientists in the planning of this as in his main previous work that although *Helliconia* is about the same area in Earth, and human beings have evolved similarly there, the cycle of life is entirely different because of the distance from its sun. Completing an orbit takes the planet 3,500 years, and every change of season entails a cultural revolution.

The meticulous care with which Aldrin details the Helliconian conditions matches the seriousness of his conception, like those of Tolkien, he makes use of the structural framework of science fiction to generate metaphors for our own plight. Not surprisingly, *Helliconia Spring* grew out of an original intention



Aldrin, a tale with a rare scientific credibility

"No one wants a passport in a nation of talking rings," he remarks in a letter of dedication, adding that "I discovered that I was expressing difficulties that were as relevant to our century as to Hall's century." While this is undeniable, it is hardly profound.

Near the end of the book, a proto-scientist named Vay discovers that the universe is a vast machine. One suspects that Aldrin sees his characters as a similarly mechanistic way. Even their most desperate struggles seem somehow resigned, as if the technical imperatives of science proved to be more compelling than the spiritual demands of fiction. He has succeeded in creating enigmatic images, but to fulfil his ambition, which is to lighten our era's darkness, he needs to find characters with a rich, turbulent inner life to complement the novel setting. Determinism and art are bitter enemies. —MARK ADLEY

## Sex and dreams and rock'n'roll

PINBALL  
by Jerry Kosinski  
(Dutton, £18.95 hardcover, \$5 softcover)

Patrick Donaghy, the pivotal figure in Jerry Kosinski's *Pinball*, is like a character out of Graham Greene who talks his way out of Anthony Burgess. Donaghy is a burnt-out case, a middle-aged musician whose talent has disappeared, a neo-fascist composer of orchestral works reduced to playing in the South Bronx in "a pinball joint that tries to pass for a nightclub." The combination of his hard luck and his technical knowledge of composition makes him a strong card for Andrew Gwyphaine. She's a well-oiled card who logs his credence with money and sex and gets it in a peculiar way. Thereby gains a neglected and disturbing tale of what could be mistaken for profound statements on urban anthropology—specifically, the race of cheap sex, rock celebrity and postmodern consciousness that has informed the seven novels of this last starry-eyed of immigrants. Unfortunately, these strengths are undermined by a disorienting plot in what amounts to a credit mystery.

The real object of Andrew Gwyphaine's attention (and that of much of the known world) is Goddard, whose neo-wave name has come to epitomize popular music. His appeal has been a product of type that an attention to almost-illusory experience, a performed whose image and popularity fall somewhere in that grey area between Springsteen and Jerry Goddard's identity has been kept a complete secret.



Kosinski has a virtuoso performance

ever from the second company he has made fat with his short-bursters. Gwyphaine uses Donaghy to learn Goddard's identity by means of clues found on the L.A.

Because of the bold nature of his prose and his love of direct confrontation, Kosinski manages to make the plot more plausible than it sounds. He builds up the story a layer at a time, in the manner of a journeyman bricklayer. The problem is that Kosinski maintains the narrative flow for only the first half of the book, where everything is sharp and tightly controlled. But then, as

though aware of the story, he lets the whole thing get away from him and romanticizes as silly coincidences, loose juxtapositions and pasting conclusions. It's not a virtuoso performance, but perhaps half of one. Although the format is that of a mystery, the suspense is deceiving. Nothing is let out of the bag, for instance, by the early revelation that Goddard is actually Jesse Oster, a neo-do-well whose father owns a classical record label that Goddard secretly subsidizes with his tiny rock label. Only in the last few pages is a crime suddenly committed, and then just as quickly resolved, as part of a contrived trick ending contrary to the author.

What the reader can salvage from *Pinball* is Kosinski's sense of New York and California as nightmarish scenes fascinating as any dream. At one point, young Oster, son of an East European immigrant made good, is "touched by his father's malice, his affliction belated things America—even when they were in entirely solid ground." So for Kosinski's *Pinball*, who becomes caught up in the money-grubbing, declassified world of pop culture to the point that he loses all perspective. The subject of the book overwrites its style, what was intended as a realist satire becomes a wallow in sentiment and triviality. —DOUG FETTERBERG

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *Noble House*, Orrell (G)
- 2 *An Instant Obsession*, McClelland (G)
- 3 *The Hotel New Hampshire*, Irving (G)
- 4 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, Shefferson (G)
- 5 *Beauty House*, Atwood (G)
- 6 *Cape*, King (G)
- 7 *The Rebel Angel*, Davies (G)
- 8 *Famous Last Words*, Frazier (G)
- 9 *God Emperor of Mars*, Hixson (G)
- 10 *The Day's December*, Bellow (G)

### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Acquisitors*, Newman (G)
- 2 *Flames Across the Border*, Blevins (G)
- 3 *Consequences*, Trudlow (G)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Bennett (G)
- 5 *Men of Property*, Goble (G) (G)
- 6 *The New Canadian Real Estate Investment Guide*, Zinner (G)
- 7 *The Game of the Lives*, Gosselin (G)
- 8 *Knowledge Stays in Play*, Jay (G)
- 9 *Invitation to a Royal Wedding*, Spry (G)
- 10 *Common Sense* (G)

(G) Position for week

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# Seamless songs from the street

Armed with nothing but their voices and their aeras, The Nylons attack. They spring onto the stage and take their places behind microphones that are covered with glittery cowiey-dog hair. With much snapping of fingers and snapping of thighs, the male quartet unleashes its unique brand of a cappella—the art of singing with no instrumental accompaniment.

There is no inch thing as a guitar or piano to lean on, so great bands of musical machinery to establish their authority. Their voices alone, arranged in stylishly complex patterns, ignite such pop standards as Love Potion No. 9 and such original fare as *Life and the Boy*. At first, the audience for the last of three February concerts in London, Ont., was not quite sure how to respond to The Nylons' address. But the crowd was quick to get the hint, and by the end of the evening everyone was standing, clapping and smiling.

Such a scene is far removed from earlier forms of a cappella, which included gospel in country churches and impromptu "do-wop" songs at the street corners of big cities. Before The Nylons, it represented a minority cause. With the release of the group's first album and with a four-month national tour under way, a cappella is becoming a popular phenomenon in Canada. On March 5, a concert at Toronto's Massey Hall will unveil a whole new show: fresh songs, sets, costumes and even a dry ice machine. Attrix Records has announced the tour with vinyl. Lindsay Ellerbe, the company's marketing manager, calls "one of the most extensive marketing campaigns ever afforded a Canadian act." The initial album has nudged a cappella to "solid-rock" status within a month of its release.

The suddenness of the record's success parallels the group's notoriety rise as a live act. The Nylons made their professional debut when they sang for their supper at a Toronto restaurant in February, 1979. By the end of the year, they had become one of the most popular subcult acts in the city. They quickly won recognition for their renditions of golden oldies such as *The Lion Sleeps Tonight* and *On the Border*. But, so they like to emphasize, they do not do "image songs" in the style of Sha Na Na. "We want to be on the cutting edge of things," says Marc Conner, who sings singer and guitarist. "We take our cues from repertoire from the '60s and '70s, it's because that music was based on vocals."



Members: Cooper, Robinson, Conner (left to right), Sweet and harmonious

Like Betty Midler, The Nylons combine humor and nostalgia with some very serious singing. With one soaring voice rising above a bed of creative harmonies, *Twice Without Pity* becomes not a sorry revival of a Gene Pitney hit but a strong statement about the intolerance faced on a "gray and grimey planet" that seems closer than ever to falling apart.

The combination of flashy presentation and fine musicianship has given The Nylons wide appeal. Christopher Wooten, executive director of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, who helped to create their first West Coast following when he booked them for a month in March, 1980, comments "No one really knows that much about a cappella, but all of a sudden people realize that The Nylons are singing without a huge band. Their sound is so sweet and harmonious it makes you feel good. Theirs' novelty and quality and there's also a real show in it that people enjoy. There's a glitz there."

Gits come naturally to the quartet. Three (Marc Conner, Paul Cooper, Claude Morrison) are veterans of au-

thor theatre. The fourth, Arnold Robinson (who replaced original bass Ralph Cole in March, 1981), was once one of The Platters. They all know, true to show his tradition, how to sell themselves, how to work an audience, how to generate hype. Perverts, such as the Toronto Star's Peter Giddard, complain, saying that they "are in real a cappella what Debonair on-the-rocks is to hard drinking, a rote reflection of the real thing."

But ticket and record sales attest to the fact that Canadian audiences are hungry for show but questioning, however else they may be. To Wooten, who has also been instrumental in the success of the musicals *Billy Bishop* (from *To War and Rock and Roll*), The Nylons are further evidence of "a maturing of the Canadian cultural identity." However you say it, the group embodies the kind of rap, polished showmanship that keeps audiences coming back for more. They may be reviving an old form of music, but they are also breaking new ground. Until now, such praise has rarely been dished up to the 4th

—DAVID LEVINSON



A. Village Street 1876. Showing a house in picturesque style

B. Mid-Park 1876. The interior of a house in the last century

C. The Working Girl 1886. A girl in a dress with checked roof cottage

D. Sunday Parade 1886. The members of a parade and some lines

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# The guru views Olympus

By Allan Potheringham

**W**on, Dr. Potheringham, it's certainly propitious to bump into you at this moment of our nation's peril.

Someone must save the country. What exactly is the specificity, if not the totality, of your ignorance?

Well, gee, I was over and only prime minister being interviewed on the box by David Frost, and he said his president complimented him that he had won the "economics Olympics." Is that true?

Just as down to your local ITC office. All those people in the images are the winners-up in the economics Olympics, having finished up the track while Mr. Trudeau was collecting his self-awarded blue ribbon. They've just got to try harder. He's in shape. They're not.

So he's actually serious when he maintains that his economic achievements are the highlight of a nation, yes, elsewhere covered?

Of course. He wrestled economic, the ground, didn't he? Now he's busying his Olympic gold medal. You've got to realize

that Mr. Trudeau has a vision of the world as a series of hand-to-hand combats. He is a serious, dedicated team sports and likes to test himself as the trampolinist, the diving board or in a canoe. He is a Walter Rilla of medals, playing in a dreamworld where he wrestles inanimate objects such as inflation and philosophical tops (bureaucracy, Baffin, etc.). It's more fun than rolling around on the mat with Joe Clark, a concept not to be contemplated.

Well, I noticed that the *new* seemed to be enjoying that interview with Frost. Does he do the same when rubbing foreheads with you and the local arribler?

The last time Mr. Trudeau allowed the good doctor into his presence was about the time when the *Edel* was encountered. He prefers reported basketball players such as Mr. Frost.

Edmonton?

There is trouble and then there is badminton, of which David Frost has become. Potheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

over a skilled exponent so as to induce such famous Olympic athletes as Mr. Trudeau. He talks such vicious jargon that the chap across the camera can wait their time into the air with eyes closed.

Are you suggesting the *FM* liked those questions?

Mr. Trudeau's favorite athletic activity, if it must be known, is holding his own egg aloft. Like holding a sherry glass up to a light, to peer through it, examine it and explain it to fascinated foreigners. It is the only bending of the elbow he does, as you know.



I see the prime minister defends the notion of that Kingston egg around, Neil Fraser, who had the decency to embrace the glass in move so into kelp patches and grass.

You shouldn't criticize him for that. He's being thoroughly coherent. Those who are not true believers in the appointed goals must be left by the way, rather in the way the Greeks left gay babies on the hillside overnight.

You're not suggesting Mr. Trudeau is autistic?

No, just determined. If you don't believe me, ask John Turner, Eric Kiessens, Paul Hellyer, Bill Andrus and all those other Angles no longer in the cabinet. One heads or one must go. Mr. Fraser, that famous subversive, is now learning that.

The prime minister told Frost that he learned how to forward flip as the treasurer of age 44, as *poetize* there are other things he could go learn. Do you have any suggestions?

Well, since coming to power 14 years

ago he has seen six provincial Liberal governments disappear. Since he came to power to save the country there is now a separatist government in Quebec, and the first separatist has been elected in Western Canada, which is almost totally alienated from the federal government. The Liberal party is no longer a national party but a regional party. Perhaps he could learn something about that... while performing his flips.

Good, you sound a little worried up.

Not at all. Those of us who have watched the Olympic gold medalist in his many mistakes, resurging national unity and destroying his party in half the country, view his self-delusion with great calm. Any man who thinks his main achievement is conquering the economy should not be excited; he's operating in a mental state that may be dangerous to bystanders.

Any one not used to an retirement plan?

Pierre Elliott. Since-notice lately has been waiting, allowing how he might be forced to gift us with his Olympic pressure for longer than planned and might have to play off some more stress. What could that possibly be?

The crisis is John Turner continuing to breathe. As long as John Turner keeps breathing, it is a crisis in Mr. Trudeau's eyes. Although Mr. Turner has trouble breathing some days, due to the weight of his Bay Street wallet, he's still healthy-tired.

Does that mean the question as to Mr. Trudeau's retirement was entirely unasked Mr. Turner?

You've got it. Only John Turner, by announcing unequivocally that he is not interested in the prime minister's chair, can make Mr. Trudeau's retirement certain.

Yes, means...

Right. The answer to national unity and the salvation of the economy rests not with Pierre Trudeau but with John Turner. He has the future of the country in his palm. All he has to do is release it.

Go, Dr. Potheringham, you've certainly managed to justify the methodology.

Feel free.



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